
This is a reproduction of a library book that was digitized by Google as part of an ongoing effort to preserve the information in books and make it universally accessible.

Google™ books

<https://books.google.com>

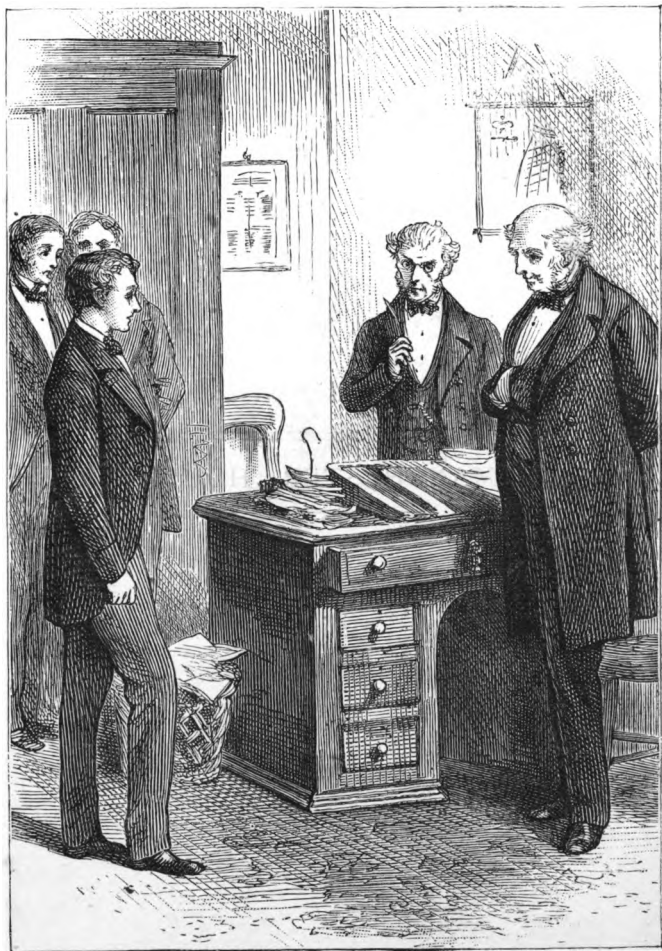


MANCHESTER
HOUSE.

A TALE OF
TWO APPRENTICES

REV. J. CAPES STORY.

MANCHESTER HOUSE.



"And so it came to pass that before the years of his apprenticeship were completed, Herbert Stanton was made a judge among his fellows."

p. 105.

MANCHESTER HOUSE:

A TALE OF

TWO APPRENTICES.



BY THE

REV. J. CAPES STORY,

AUTHOR OF "DAISY BANK; OR, SISTER ELLEN'S MINISTRY," "MR. LEIGH'S SURPRISE,
AND OTHER TALES," ETC.

LONDON :

S. W. PARTRIDGE & Co., 9 PATERNOSTER ROW.

2523 10 114



PRINTED BY GEORGE WATSON AND CO., 28, CHARLES STREET, FARRINGTON ROAD.



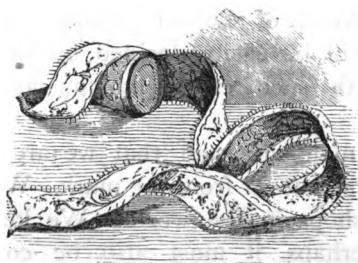
DEDICATION.

THIS little book is dedicated by the author to the thousands of boys and young men employed in the shops and warehouses of England. It is designed to illustrate the life they have to lead, and to point out some of the temptations to which they are exposed. Whether the sketch of shop-life which is here given be true to fact, will be easily decided by those who are acquainted with such establishments as Manchester House.

The Frenchman who said that we are a nation of shopkeepers, was not far from the mark. We have some of the finest shops in the world. We keep the best goods, and perhaps, it must also be confessed, the

worst. We have commodities to suit all buyers, and we believe the world cannot do better than come to our market. We are proud of our commercial position, and fain would keep it. But whether we shall do so or not must largely depend upon the honesty and general integrity of our future shopkeepers. Trickery does not pay. Falsehood, either open or secret, is a mistake, to take the lowest ground. The young men who resort to it, in order to increase the sales of the day, or to avoid the unpleasant alternative of losing a customer, are sure to suffer for it in many ways, of which the loss of self-respect is not the least. The masters who encourage it, or wink at it, take the surest means to ruin their own businesses, and by so much to reduce the commercial credit of the nation at large.

Even if such strict truthfulness in business-life as we advocate should sometimes involve the forfeiture of present advantages, it ever remains true that "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches, and loving favour rather than silver and gold." (Prov. xxii. 1.)





CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.	
TWO APPRENTICES WANTED - - - -	PAGE 9
CHAPTER II.	
TWO APPRENTICES FOUND - - - -	21
CHAPTER III.	
HERBERT STANTON'S REFUSAL - - -	33
CHAPTER IV.	
THE GREEN SARSENET - - - -	44
CHAPTER V.	
MR. STANTON'S NOTIONS - - - -	53
CHAPTER VI.	
UNCLE BEN'S VISITOR - - - -	65
CHAPTER VII.	
PUSHING THE TRADE - - - -	74
CHAPTER VIII.	
THE CHAFING BONDS - - - -	81

CHAPTER IX.		PAGE
HESITATION AND DECISION	- - - -	89
CHAPTER X.		
A PARTY AT UNCLE BEN'S	- - - -	92
CHAPTER XI.		
HERBERT STANTON IS MADE A JUDGE	-	99
CHAPTER XII.		
IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE	- - -	106
CHAPTER XIII.		
A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT	- - - - -	112
CHAPTER XIV.		
FOUND GUILTY	- - - - -	120
CHAPTER XV.		
HERBERT AND GEORGE OUT OF THEIR TIME	- - - - -	126

A FEW POEMS FOR YOUNG MEN.

	PAGE
I. GRATITUDE TO GOD. ADDISON	- - - - 139
II. HUMAN FRAILTY. COWPER	- - - - 141
III. OLD AGE. SOUTHEY	- - - - 141
IV. INDOLENCE. THOMSON	- - - - 142
V. THE SEA-SHELL. BERNARD BARTON	- - - - 143
VI. HAPPINESS. POLLOK	- - - - 144



MANCHESTER HOUSE :

A TALE OF TWO APPRENTICES.

CHAPTER I.

TWO APPRENTICES WANTED.

IT was about seven o'clock in the evening. Mr. Stanton had been home a little more than an hour, during which time he had refreshed his inner self with tea, and his outer self with an abundant application of water and soap, washing away the grime and grease which had gathered on arms and hands and face at the forge that day, and which had made him look as dusky as a Moor. He had also put off the garments which had done duty during working hours, and had put on another suit, which was neither his best nor his worst, but which he called his night clothes. Soon he was seated in the old arm-chair, the throne which was ever given up to him as the king of that little home. And his daughter Mary, a girl about twelve, stirred the fire and made a cheery blaze, while his wife,

with her knitting in hand, drew up her chair to the other side of the hearth, trying to make her husband's rest all the sweeter by adding to it the sympathy of her own.

There was only another member of the household, and he also was present, namely, Herbert Stanton, their son, a youth of fourteen years, who sat at the table preparing his school lessons for the following day.

It was only a small room in a small house in which these were found—one of a long street of humble dwellings in a great manufacturing town. But there was an air of peace and comfort about the whole scene which told at once that frugality, thrift, and family affection had here an abiding home.

"Well, John," said Mrs. Stanton to her husband, soon as she saw his burly frame nicely fitted into the throne, "you've got through another day."

"Eh, I have, lass, thanks be to God."

And it was no idle phrase on John Stanton's lips when he thus expressed his gratitude to the Good Father. He was glad to have been able to do a good day's work among the roaring fires, and streaming molten metals, and clanging hammers, and heavy, powerful machinery, without injury to himself or others; for it often seemed to him a marvel how free from accident as a rule they were. And now he was glad to have the quiet refuge of this dear home.

After more preliminary talk, it seemed evident that there was a desire to sit in council with his majesty that evening.

"I want to have a little talk with you about Herbert," said Mrs. Stanton to her husband.

"Why, what is the matter with the lad?"

"Oh, nothing is the matter with him, excepting that I suppose he is beginning to feel how big he is, and wishes to give up school and turn to work."

"But is he not always working hard at school, and is he not doing so at his lessons just now? Why is he not satisfied?" asked the father.

Now, it must be told that John Stanton was one of those parents who have no ambition for themselves, but very much for their offspring: like the mother of Zebedee's children, who had nothing to ask of Jesus for herself or for her husband, but desired a place for her two sons only next to that of the Lord Himself. John Stanton had a secret pleasure in seeing his son at his books, and indulged all manner of glowing anticipations in reference to him. Only he saw, with that certainty which often comes home closely to a man who has had no education himself, that a necessary condition of his son's advancement was that he should be well equipped with those mental weapons which only the school could supply.

To secure these weapons for his boy, he had willingly given up the help which some parents would have been glad to receive by sending Herbert to labour while still a child; and even now, when the expenses of the boy's maintenance and education were rapidly increasing, he was disposed to struggle on for at least another year.

"Herbert is not dissatisfied with what we have done for him, he is rather very thankful, only he does not see that he ought to stay at school longer," was the answer of the mother to the last question of her husband.

"That is just it, father," said the son, who now joined for the first time in the conversation. "I feel it is time I did something to relieve you of the burden I've been to you so long."

"Tut, tut, say nothing about that, lad."

"But I must, father."

"But you mustn't, son. I tell you again what you've heard me say many a time before : I don't want another black face in the house. I want you to get your living with your hands clean, and with your coat on your back. I mind not how hard you have to work, but I'd like you to have another sort of work from mine."

In thus stating John Stanton's wishes we are not commending them, because we know that he was disposed to disparage his own honest and honourable toil, and we are not. White hands or black, coat on or off, decide nothing as to respectability or intelligence ; while, if wages be considered, often as much goes into the black hands as into the white. However, Herbert's father had his preferences, and it was well that the son was not disposed to disregard them.

"Well, father, I think I shall be able to please you," said Herbert ; "for in the newspaper I find this advertisement, and I want to ask what you think about it. I have already been talking with mother, and find that she is favourable. Listen to this :—

"**W**ANTED, at Manchester House, TWO SMART YOUTHS as outdoor apprentices : must be of good character, and able to write and cipher well. No premium required. Apply on the premises."



*"I want you to get your living with your hands clean, and with
your coat on your back."*

"Hum, that seems likely," said Mr. Stanton ; "but remember, I don't want you to leave school."

"I know that, father ; but I should like to save the cost of another year's schooling. Besides, you must not forget that I am fourteen, quite old enough to be an apprentice."

"Well, well, would you really like to go into that big place, lad ?"

"Yes, I should."

"And be a tape measurer ?"

"Yes, that, and something else."

"But folk that's got something to sell must talk ; could you talk, lad ?"

"I think I could."

"Eh, but could you talk the truth ? That's the hardest thing for a shopkeeper."

"If not, I wouldn't talk at all."

"Bravo, I think you'll do."

All this time the mother and sister sat listening and smiling, and secretly wishing the lad success. For though they were as anxious as the father that he should have more schooling, they were obliged to admit that he was right in his wish to begin at once to learn the business of his life.

Mr. Stanton having given his consent at length, the next day he took a half-holiday and went with his son to answer the advertisement.

It would be difficult to say which felt the stranger as father and son bent their way towards the busiest part of the town. Close by each other's side they walked, but scarcely a word passed between them ; each was think-

ing about the possible things which hung upon the success of the present errand. The father thought of that day, so many years ago, when he, a much younger boy than Herbert, went to work at the forge; and now he felt as though, in some wonderful sense he could not explain, he were about to begin again in his son. Herbert had no long past to look back upon, but he had a future which he was at liberty to fill in as he pleased. And he did fill it in, a dozen times, in as many minutes. Making Manchester House the starting-point in each case, he imagined the line of his life striking off first this way, then that, and then another; and there was only one thing which all these ways had in common, namely, the rosy hue, the bright summer sunlight, which hope, blessed hope, cast upon them all.

They had passed along many a street, and taken many a turn, when at last they found themselves in a broad thoroughfare along which there rolled and rattled and rumbled a host of vehicles of all shapes and sizes, from the rickety costermonger's barrow or the heavy brewer's dray, to the dashing carriage of some titled lord, with its coachman and footman in splendid livery, and its pair of beautiful dappled greys. On the wide causeway they were jostled and elbowed by a crowd of foot-passengers, staring idly into shop-windows, loitering, sauntering, hastening, according as their business was trivial or important, urgent or admitting of delay. In this street was situated the shop or warehouse, store or emporium, call it what you will, of which the proprietors were Messrs. Fletcher and Sharp, and which was well known in the town by the name which stands as the title of this tale.

And here John Stanton and his son now arrived. We shall have to describe the place shortly, but for the present let us follow our friends into a private room whither they are led and bidden to wait until one of the firm is disengaged.

Waiting is tiresome at any time, but when life issues are hanging in the balance it is apt to become positively painful. So it was to Herbert as he sat with his father in this room. However, he had time to survey the apartment in which they tarried, and found it to be something between an office and a parlour.

It was well carpeted ; the table was also a desk, and had underneath a number of mysterious-looking little drawers ; the pictures were business placards ; and the only ornaments of the chimney-piece were a couple of little vases with pictures of Pharaoh's chariots running round them, drawn by prancing horses, and driven by the funniest-looking men ; and in the centre a contrivance of a very ingenious sort which told the day of the month, and the month of the year, and the year of the Christian era.

Another moment or two and the door was opened quickly by a little, slim gentleman with rather grey hair all brushed well back from his forehead, a pair of eyes not very large but keen, and a somewhat pointed nose which seemed made to poke into everybody and everything. From his neck there hung a pair of eye-glasses with rims of gold, while upon the front of his well-cut coat was a formidable cluster of pins.

Herbert thought at once this must be Mr. Sharp ; and he was right. Placing the eye-glasses over his nose, he

looked first at the burly figure of the forgesman, and then at his son, seeing in the latter a strongly-built youth, neatly dressed, and showing a clean white collar and front—his mother's best work—blue eyes, light hair, and fair skin, and appearing of at least the average intelligence. "Well, sir, what is your business?" asked Mr. Sharp of Mr. Stanton.

"I've called to see if this lad of mine will——"

"Oh, yes, I understand," interposed Mr. Sharp; "you wish to offer the boy as an apprentice."

"Yes, sir, we saw the advert——"

"Just so," said Mr. Sharp, again interrupting the father; for he had a wonderful way of knowing exactly what any one was going to say after the first three or four words. "Well, how old is the boy?"

"Fourteen, sir."

And then, putting the eye-glasses on again, he looked at Herbert—at him and through him as the boy thought.

"He can write, I suppose?"

"Yes, sir."

"And cipher?"

"I should think so after the schooling I've——" But Mr. Sharp took him up again with his "Just so, I understand." And then turning to Herbert again, he said, "Here, boy, take this bill-head and write an invoice for thirty-six and a half yards of holland at eightpence three-eighths per yard;" and he gave him pen and paper and seated him at the desk to do the work. The task seemed an amazing one to the father, and he felt much afraid his son could not do it. And though it would not have been difficult for Herbert to have performed it at

the old table at home, he felt so tremulous here that he feared for the result.

However, the invoice was written and the reckoning made, and was declared correct and satisfactory by Mr. Sharp ; whereupon both father and son felt relieved and delighted, especially the father. After putting many more questions Mr. Sharp withdrew, but presently returned with another gentleman, a little older than himself, and certainly a different man. He was stout and rather tall, though stooping slightly ; he had a bald head, or at least the crown was bald, but surrounded by a thick fringe of white hair. He had a fine forehead, with bushy eyelashes shading a pair of eyes which were almost as sharp as his partner's, but possessed also a softness and beaming kindliness which the other could not claim. The face had none of that point and edge about it so conspicuous in the other partner, and yet there was something which seemed to tell of firmness and integrity. "And is this Mr. Fletcher ?" Herbert wondered, while also he wished that it might be so ; for as he entered the room he received an impression at once most favourable.

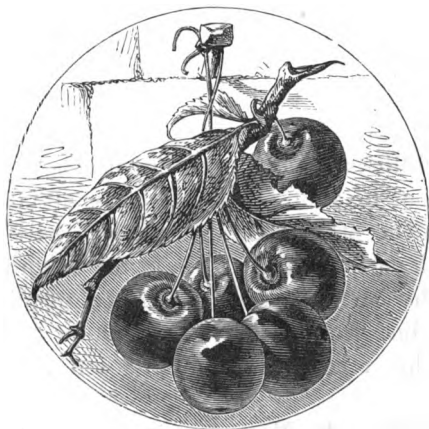
After speaking to Mr. Stanton, this gentleman, who was the principal partner, turned to Herbert and said, "Then you are wishful to come here as an apprentice, my boy ?"

"Yes, sir," Herbert gladly answered ; for the way in which Mr. Fletcher had said "my boy" had made him feel pleased that he was likely to have such a master.

"Now tell me what leads you to wish to leave school and come to work ?"

“I think it is time I did something to relieve my parents, and to help to keep myself,” said Herbert.

“Very good, my boy ; your motive is honourable, and you shall have a chance.”





CHAPTER II.

TWO APPRENTICES FOUND.

WITHIN twelve miles of the great town in which Manchester House had established itself was a village which bore the pleasant name of Cherryton. Whether it had derived this name from the abundance of cherry-trees found in its orchards, or whether in some past time the pleasantness of its situation had suggested the name of Cheery-town, we cannot say : authorities were not agreed.

But there it was, nestling in a pretty valley, and by the side of a stream which came swishing, rushing, and tumbling in a careless, rollicking manner down from the surrounding hills, but which was here stopped in its course and made to use a little of its young strength by turning the wheel of the old flour-mill before it was allowed to set off again on its journey to the sea.

When, just delivered from the town with its smoke and noise, you first caught sight of the little church on the hillside with its surrounding of quiet resting-places, the simple cottages of the villagers with their bits of well-

kept garden, the row of stately elms which did not quite hide from view the mansion of the Squire, and the stream turning the wheel of the mill, and at the same time breaking itself into a cloud of glistening spray, you could not but admire the cheerfulness and loveliness of the scene.

But this was Cherryton as seen from without : within the village, one found care and sorrow even there.

One day the church bell was tolling ; from the miller's house a funeral procession was just starting forth. It was the miller himself, John Dale, who was dead ; and the shoulders of friendly neighbours bore his body to the grave.

Coming after the bier was the widow, sad with a widow's sorrow, but not utterly desolate, for she leaned upon the arm of her eldest son George, a youth of about fourteen years, and she was followed in the procession by two other children, Charles who was ten, and Annie, who was eight years of age ; and after these came relations and friends. As they slowly trod the way to the grave, great was the sympathy expressed for poor Mrs. Dale, for she was much respected by the villagers, and many were the hopes they cherished that she might find a life-long solace and stay in the lad on whom she leaned that day.

That night, the funeral being over, and the friends returned to their homes, there remained one visitor, who was to stay two or three days to assist Mrs. Dale in settling her husband's affairs.

This was Mr. Benjamin Young, the widow's only brother—a little man, whose cheerful countenance was

only the outward expression of a truly generous heart. If you had spoken to the young people of Mr. Benjamin Young, they would scarcely have known him ; but upon the first mention of the same person under the more familiar name of Uncle Ben, you would have found that they knew him very well. It had been hard work for Uncle Ben to look anything but cheerful even at the funeral. If there were a bright side to anything he was sure to find it, and accordingly he had been thinking all the day about what he called the "bright words" spoken in his well-used Bible about the widow and the fatherless.

Mrs. Dale counted herself fortunate in the possession of such a right-hand friend. Uncle Ben's home was in the town, in which place, by persevering toil, he had secured for himself a comfortable little grocery business, which gave work enough to himself and wife, and brought them in a living which more than satisfied their limited desires. Of children to provide for they had none.

When the young people had gone to bed and the two elders sat alone by the fire, Mr. Young said to his sister, "Well, Jane, and what about George?"

"Oh, George is my great difficulty," said the widow.

"He will be useful in the mill, I should think."

"Yes, he might be, but George does not like the work."

"Indeed ! I had not thought of that. I had a sort of understanding that all the Dales were born millers."

"The old mill," continued the widow, "has been in his father's family for many generations, and has been

handed down regularly from father to son. John had already begun to talk of taking George from school, and at busy times he has helped his father for a week or two together, but the boy never took kindly to the meal-bags, and I fear he never will."

"Has he got anything else into his head?" asked Uncle Ben in a somewhat surprised tone, for he, like every one else, had thought only of George succeeding his father.

"Nothing particular, only I know he is bent on going to town."

"Dear, dear, I'm sorry to hear that," said George's uncle; for though the good man had lived in the town for many years he never liked it, and indeed, if he could be said to have an ambition at all, it was by-and-by to come and end his days at this his old village home. "Well," said he, "if George goes to the town, of course he must come to us; but I am puzzled to see how you can spare him from the mill."

Now this was a greater difficulty than Mrs. Dale was ready to confess. She would fain have kept her boy at home, but knowing his dislike to the work of the mill, and also his frequently expressed wish to go to the town, and not being without the hope that in the town he might enter upon a better business career than was possible at Cherryton, she thought it best, at whatever sacrifice to herself, to let him go.

A mother's devotion! A mother's self-forgetting love! Heaven's rich gift to the child!

So George went to the town—one among hundreds of young men who are called away from their quiet

village homes every year by the ever-increasing demand for labourers which goes forth from the town—new hands, new brains ever wanted to carry on and develop the great enterprises of the town. So George went to the town—the big, busy town, with its strange contrasts of all that is best and all that is worst; its splendour and its squalor, its abounding wealth and utter poverty, its culture and its ignorance, its palaces and its gaols, its churches and its liquor-vaults, its centres of whatever is light and good and of whatever is dark and bad, its enterprises of highest Christian philanthropy and its plottings of deepest malignity.

It was a great day for George when he went to town. Though Cherryton was so near, he had been but seldom, and then only for a few hours on each occasion. But now he was to stay in the midst of its charms, and his young heart danced at the thought.

Taken under the roof of his kind Uncle Ben, and treated as a child at home, George soon became familiar with the business and the customers of the grocery store, and was a useful assistant therein. But he was not to stay there. It was at this time that the advertisement made known that two apprentices were wanted for Manchester House. Now Uncle Ben had been looking out for such an opening, and accordingly, when it appeared, he lost no time in introducing his nephew to the notice of the proper authorities.

And so another lad waited in the office-parlour—waited and wondered how long he must wait, but was cut short in his wondering by the sudden opening of the door, and by hearing the same words addressed quickly to his uncle

which had been before addressed to the forgerman, "Well, sir, what is your business?"

"I see from the newspaper that you——"

"Want two apprentices," interposed Mr. Sharp, in his usual manner.

"Yes, sir, that you want two apprentices," said Uncle Ben, slowly, as though he wished to intimate that he did not mean to be hurried. "Now this boy, sir, is——"

"Your son, I presume," said Mr. Sharp.

"No, sir, he is my nephew," answered Uncle Ben, with a sort of chuckle, as though he were pleased to find Mr. Sharp missing the mark even in so small a matter. And here the kind-hearted little man was about to relate the whole history of the boy—the recent loss of his father, and the anxiety of his mother; but he soon found that Mr. Sharp had no ear for these things. Was he a suitable lad for business? that was the only question with him. So Uncle Ben sat silent while Mr. Sharp, with spectacles on nose, inspected this new candidate for a place in Manchester House. He saw through those spectacles a youth as tall and strong of limb as Herbert Stanton, the boy already engaged, but differing from Herbert in his black hair and dark complexion, and also in a certain lack of smartness in dress and manner which is an almost invariable distinction between those who are reared in the country and those who are reared in the town. After undergoing an examination similar to that through which Herbert Stanton passed, and after being submitted to Mr. Fletcher, who spoke a few kind words to him, George was engaged on terms which his uncle considered satisfactory.

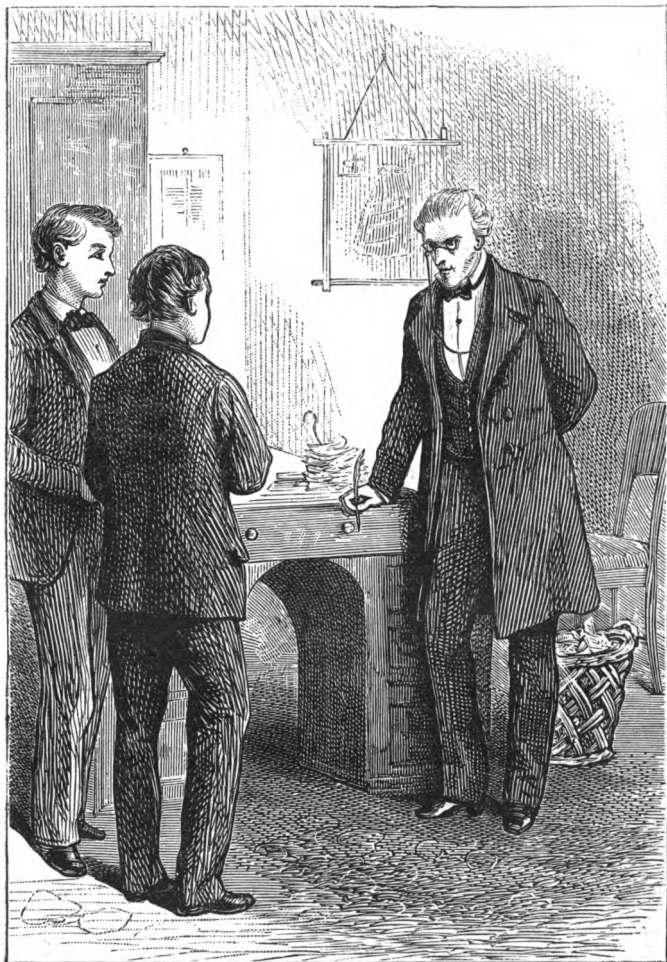
It was during the same week that Herbert Stanton and George Dale appeared at Manchester House as aspirants for business honours ; and it was arranged that they should begin together, straight and fair, on the following Monday morning. As yet they knew nothing of each other. They were two young lives unconsciously approaching each other, and destined for a few years to run side by side. It was certain that in some way the one would be affected by the other, but whether for good or otherwise time only could reveal.

Manchester House, to which these youths were about to be presented, needs itself to be more particularly introduced to the notice of the reader. The shutters of this well-known establishment were first taken down more than fifty years ago, Mr. Abel Fletcher, the worthy father of the present senior partner, being sole proprietor, sole manager, and sole assistant, with the important exception of Mr. Abel's pushing wife, to whom much of the early success of the undertaking was undoubtedly due. The place had become known in those days as "Fletcher's calico-shop," the more dignified title having been given in recent times. Fifty years ago it could boast of but one window, the glass panes of which were so small and the wood frames so thick that one wondered how the light got through at all. One small set of fixtures and drawers were then sufficient to hold all the stock, which was nevertheless considered by the dames of the town as a very good one. But all this was changed. The town had grown immensely, and the business had grown with it. First, the "calico-shop" had taken in premises behind, and so increased the space. Then it

had taken in the shop on the right hand, and then the shop on the left ; and then the whole block was pulled down, and one fine building erected instead—a building with large plate-glass windows, which differed so much from the old one that they seemed to have no frames at all. There was one grand entrance, wide enough to admit a dozen people abreast ; and when you had passed in you saw counters of polished mahogany, fine carvings and gildings, and in convenient positions were tall mirrors which had the effect of making the place seem even larger and grander than it really was. A broad staircase led to upper rooms as spacious and handsome almost as those below.

And here in the richest profusion were displayed the products of well-nigh all the looms of the world. It was called Manchester House because no doubt a large portion of the goods came from that great centre of the cotton manufacture. But here you might find the silks of France, and the shawls of India, and the furs of Russia. In fact, everything the ladies fancied, or might be induced to fancy, was here submitted to their view.

Mr. William Fletcher succeeded to this business on the death of his father many years ago. With the business he also fortunately inherited the tact, perseverance, and enterprise both of his father and mother. It was he who pulled down the old premises and built the new ; and then, wishing to have some one to share with him the responsibility of the management, he made Mr. Sharp, long an assistant, into a partner, knowing well what the latter gentleman's business capabilities were. Having exalted Mr. Sharp to his present position, Mr.



"Well, boys, you are here, I see."

P. 31.

Fletcher felt himself justified in building for himself a beautiful villa in the country, and in setting up a carriage to convey him, at his own times, to the establishment in the town, or back to his handsome dwelling among the woods and fields.

About ten o'clock on the day appointed, Herbert Stanton was shown into the office-parlour once more ; and a few minutes after he was joined by George Dale. The two lads looked at each other with some curiosity. At last George broke the silence by addressing Herbert—

“I say, are you the other ?”

“I've come to be an apprentice,” said Herbert.

“Oh, yes, I see,” answered George ; “then you're the one, and I'm the other.”

What this short introduction would have led to we cannot tell, for just then Mr. Sharp entered.

“Well, boys, you are here, I see,” giving that piercing look of his through the gold rims. “I have but one word to say to you on entering this establishment, and that word is *business*. You will please or otherwise according as you attend or do not attend to *business*,” said this important gentleman, emphasising the word by striking the table as heavily as was possible with the quill-pen he held in his hand.

Mr. Sharp opened the door and called loudly, “Mr. Berger !”

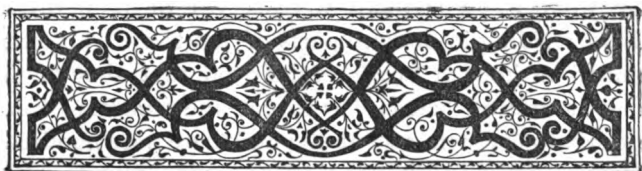
“Yes, sir,” was the immediate response, quickly followed by the appearance of a smart gentleman approaching forty, who seemed all collar and necktie, and who did the duty of manager or shop-walker under the junior partner's direction.

"Mr. Berger, these two youths are to be our new apprentices; find a place for them at the counters, and give them something to measure."

Shortly afterwards Herbert and George were behind a counter trying to tell the length of a piece of calico. Herbert made it twelve yards and a half, George eleven yards and five-eighths. Mr. Berger declared that neither was right, the proper measurement being twelve yards. Just then the shop-walker was called away. Whereupon there stepped forward one of several young men who had been looking on and making all sorts of remarks about the new lads as they made their first endeavours.

"Young gentlemen," said he, with a serious face, "before you can be admitted into the brotherhood and become knights of the yard-stick, *you must pay your footing.*"





CHAPTER III.

HERBERT STANTON'S REFUSAL.

IT was interesting to watch the succession of people who lingered at the windows or entered at the broad doorway of Manchester House. And it was specially so on a busy day such as Monday usually was. The windows on either side the door were in themselves a sight which many ladies would come miles to see. For here were displayed, as the show-cards declared, all the latest novelties of the season. Ladies' costumes worn by dummy figures were spread out to the wondering gaze of all, made of the newest materials, after the newest patterns, and trimmed with the newest decorations that Parisian skill could contrive. And not dresses only, but every conceivable article that came within the province of such an establishment was here exhibited. Every department contributed to the feast which was here daily spread before the eye, of things useful and beautiful too. What was the service done by these windows it is impossible to say. Only it is certain that service was very great. Not that every lady who looked forthwith

went into the shop and purchased the article she admired—far from it. For there were scores of poor dress-makers, residing in obscure parts of the town, who often snatched an hour or two from their toil that they might reap a harvest of “ideas” as to cut and trimming from these windows for no cost at all; and there were hundreds of ladies of the careful and clever sort, who came to learn how an old dress might be taken to pieces and remodelled, so that in its transformation it should stand forth, having no trace of its former self, but as something entirely new. You would have been equally interested to have observed the various customers who turned in at the door. Some entered in a very hesitating manner, and it was plain they had not intended doing so when they started from home, and now wondered whether they had money enough with which to venture into such a place; while others evidently came on purpose, and walked in boldly, as though they knew exactly what they had come for, and were determined to have it. Customers never seemed to fail; there was always somebody wanting something. There, perhaps, was a lady with a group of daughters who were about to supply themselves with an outfit for their summer trip to the seaside; and almost jostling them a poor mother who wanted a bit of flannel in which to wrap her suffering child. There was a gentleman who took an order for family mourning; and following him possibly a fair young lady who, accompanied by her friend, went to choose her wedding dress. That little boy came from the upholsterer, and wanted a little more damask like the pattern he carried in his hand; and that pale-faced young woman was the dress-

maker's apprentice, who was glad to escape from the close atmosphere of the workroom to fetch a few buttons from the store.

Within the shop on one of these busy days the scene was exciting. Every counter was lined with groups of purchasers, sitting or standing, and carefully choosing, from the profusion set before them, the goods which suited them best. The assistants passed quickly from place to place, handing parcels or boxes to the counters, or taking them back again, and with the loosest of tongues often recommending anything and everything. There was all the hurry and bustle, the chatter and babble, of a great bazaar, which indeed Manchester House really was. Mr. Sharp walked quickly about, with a long quill pen behind his ear, in the most affable manner, addressing one lady as she passed out, and saying, "Hope, madam, you have got all you required to-day?" and turning to another as she came in with the question, "What can we have the pleasure of showing you to-day?" rubbing his hands all the while; then perhaps immediately turning to some loitering porter and giving him such a stirring up with that same tongue, the tones of which are now so altered that he is made to skip like a grasshopper or run like a lamplighter.

Mr. Berger, the shop-walker, tried to imitate the junior partner; but his endeavour to do so could scarcely be considered a success. There was a certain lack of freedom in all his movements which was not so much painful as it was amusing to behold. In handing a chair to a lady, or bowing her out at the door, he seemed to be in constant danger of making his buttons fly, or of splitting

the seam of his tight-fitting coat. The stiffness of his large stand-up collar and the width of his cravat required that he should turn his head with care. However, what he wanted in fleetness he believed himself to make up in grace, and, whatever others might think, he considered that he added no small part to the general ornamentation and finish of the establishment. There was but one person who maintained anything like perfect composure on these busy days, and that was Mr. Fletcher, who usually sat in the counting-house, from the window of which he commanded a view of a large part of the shop. He occupied himself with opening letters, looking over invoices, or taking a peep into the books; only going behind the counter occasionally, when some old customer came in and insisted upon being served by none but himself.

When towards the close of the day the rush of business was passed, there yet remained a large share of work to be done. Written along a beam well within sight of most were the words, "A place for everything, and everything in its place." This motto served to remind all of a rule which was ever enforced, that all "straightening" should be done before leaving the shop for the day. Whatever had become tumbled, unwrapped, or misplaced during the hurry of business must now be set right again. Goods in fixtures, drawers, or parcels must be looked over, and note taken of whatever had been sold out and required to be replaced. During this straightening time the men took liberty to speak to one another, and jokes, banter, and fun were often the order of the hour.

Since the trial of the yard-stick in the morning our

young friends had seen but little of each other. During the day they had been wrapping up parcels, going short errands, and doing odd jobs about the place as they might be able. At the close of the day Herbert Stanton found himself trying to make a braid drawer tidy, very near to the young man who had spoken to him about the brotherhood of the yard-stick in the morning. George Dale was similarly employed at another counter.

"Well, my noble schoolboy," said the young man to Herbert, "did your mother give you her blessing before you left her this morning?"

The name of the one who put this question was Sherwood, as rollicking and dissolute a character as any to be found in the place.

"Ask him, rather, if his mother warned him against ravening wolves," said John Pindar, another assistant, who stood by.

"No, no," said Sherwood, "I'm waiting to know if his mother blest him, and especially if he carries the blessing in his pocket."

"My mother is always blessing me," answered Herbert at length.

"Ha, ha! hark ye, my men!" said the jovial Sherwood; "here's a sweet young blossom for you: he's got the full scent of the nursery about him!"

"Ask him if his mother will come to the ceremony?" said another.

"Drop that talk about mother," growled Pindar, the one who had mentioned the ravening wolves; "that's not a name to be soiled by your dirty jokes: some of you might never have had a mother."

In deference to Pindar's protest the current of banter was somewhat changed.

"Well, young gentleman, we want to know where the ceremony I mentioned to you this morning is to take place. For our part, it matters nothing whether you choose 'The Fleece,' or 'The Spread Eagle,' or 'The Blue Pig.' We can hold a court at any one of these houses, and all initiatory rites can be quickly and suitably observed."

"Do you mean that you wish me to go to the public-house?" asked Herbert, rather indignantly.

"Well, sir, it's a matter of personal choice—of personal choice," repeated Sherwood, with mock respect.

"Because I never go to public-houses," said Herbert.

"Just so," said Sherwood, coolly, while the others, for whom he was evidently the mouthpiece, looked on and grinned. "I should have thought as much. You've hardly had time to learn their value yet. Experience teaches, of course. By-and-by you will know. While your presence is desirable, it is not absolutely necessary. But then you know there are the fees, sir."

"Say the bitters," interposed one.

"Precisely so, we shall require to drain the bitters," continued Sherwood; "and of course you would not be so ungentlemanly as to ask us to provide them for ourselves."

Though Herbert Stanton was so simple as not to have heard of apprentices' footings before the matter was thus darkly hinted to him, he was quick enough to understand the whole matter now. He saw that these men were wishful to enjoy a drinking carousal at his expense. If

he would join them they would toast and applaud him ; but if he would provide the money they would gladly excuse his company.

It was contrary to Herbert's principles to do either. He had long been a member of one of those youthful bands which write Hope upon their banners. But the strength he had as yet was that which came from marching in procession with his comrades, singing temperance melodies, reciting touching verses, and listening to vigorous addresses—very valuable in its way, as the strength of the tender sapling is valuable before the first wind-storm has spent its fury upon it. Herbert had not expected so early a trial of his principles, and now that it had come he felt himself in a difficulty. If he yielded to the request of these men he would only be following what appeared to be a trade custom ; he would please his fellow-shopmates, and secure their favour from the beginning. If he refused their request he saw that they certainly had the power to make his future very unpleasant, and he doubted not that they would use it. It was only a momentary struggle, but it was a fierce one. His decision was formed. Turning to Sherwood, he said, "I am sorry to disappoint you, but you must please excuse my drinking with you, or paying for drink on your behalf. I cannot do either the one or the other."

"I say, men, do you hear this nursery sprig?" Sherwood broke out; "he's a regular crimp! He'll not attend the court or even pay the fees. There's audacity for you! And he'll expect us to lend him pencil, or chalk, or scissors, and to show him the drawers, and to

teach him the wrinkles, just as if he'd entered the brotherhood in the usual way. Oh, yes, and we shall do it all, shan't we, my good fellows? We're very benevolent, we are, of course, and we'll be as good as pie to him, to be sure!"

All this, uttered in Sherwood's sarcastic manner, fell like poisoned arrows upon Herbert's sensitive heart, and made him wish, for the moment, that he had stayed at school.

The time came to leave. It was a fine summer's evening, and Herbert, with a heavy heart, was about to turn away towards his home, when he was followed by George Dale. In his trouble Herbert had forgotten his fellow apprentice.

"I say, do you live in this direction?" asked George, who had a free and friendly manner.

"Yes, in Franklin Street," was Herbert's reply, glad to see again the youth, with whom he had not spoken since the morning.

"Why, that is also my way," said George, "so we'll walk together."

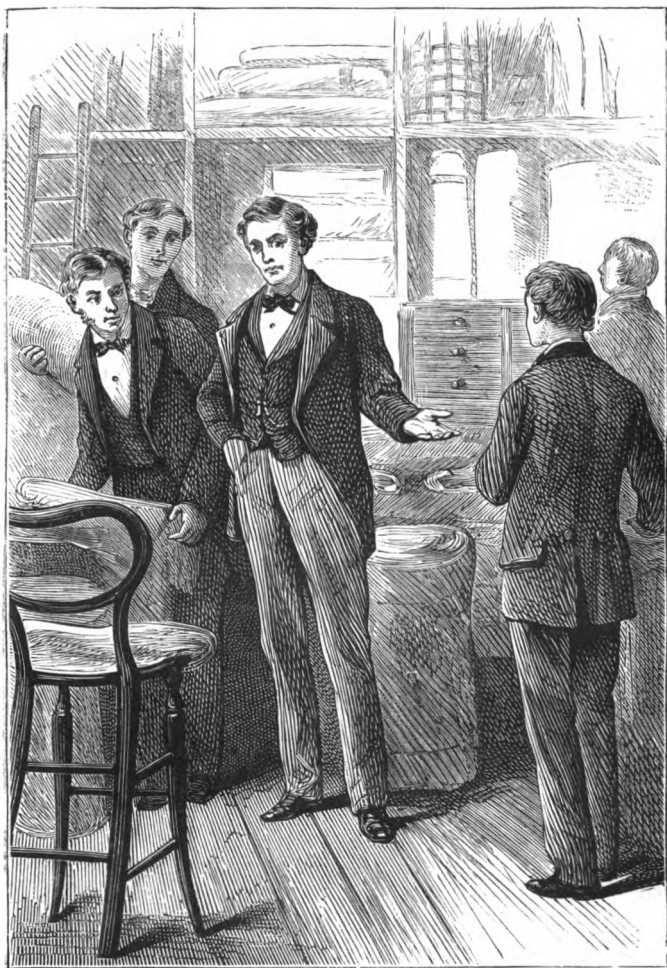
In a few minutes the two were known to each other by name, and it was found that Uncle Ben's shop was near to Herbert's home.

"Have they made you pay your footing?" asked George.

"Well, they have tried, but I refused to give them anything. Have you paid?"

"Yes; they said half-a-crown would satisfy them, so I gave it them, though I could not well spare it."

It now appeared that a company of the men in the



"I say, men, do you hear this nursery sprig?"

p. 39.

Manchester

D

shop had formed a plan to keep the lads apart, and get all from them they could to pay for free glasses at the public-house that night.

Herbert's firmness had cut off half their paltry expectations. We say paltry, because for men who are in receipt of full journeymen's wages to filch from the pockets of poor apprentices the few shillings which are often all they have to warm their purses for many a day, on the plea of the custom of the trade, is simply contemptible and mean.

"This is my home," said Herbert to George, when they reached the door; "will you come in?"

George did not hesitate, but immediately followed his new friend. The family was at home, and, in truth, was anxiously awaiting the son's return.

George was soon introduced to the forgerman, his wife, and Mary, the latter handing him a chair as she quietly passed to another seat behind.

"If you're a friend o' my lad's, young sir, you're welcome to this house of ours," said Mr. Stanton to the young man, who thus commenced an acquaintance which was to last for years.





CHAPTER IV.

THE GREEN SARSENET.

THOUGH three or four weeks had passed since Herbert Stanton's first day at Manchester House, his father had not as yet had much conversation with him about this great change in his life ; indeed, he had rather avoided the subject. Herbert returned night after night, often accompanied by George Dale, and frequent opportunities occurred of talking with the lads ; but for the most part Mr. Stanton sat behind his newspaper, hearing the chat of the others, but saying nothing himself. Herbert was surprised, and indeed grieved, at his father's silence ; it was so different from his usual manner towards him.

There are fathers who do not invite the confidence of their children, and who consequently never enjoy it. They would almost as soon expect to know the secrets of the Shah of Persia as those of their own children : stern, forbidding, wanting in sympathy with the youthful mind. But Mr. Stanton had not been one of this sort ; on the contrary, he had sought to combine the qualities both of a counsellor and a companion ; giving to his children

the painfully gathered treasures of a long experience of human life, and also, by cherishing the memories of his own youth, trying to look at things from their point of view, being lenient of their foibles, indulgent in their dreams, and full of consideration for their airy castles and ardent hopes. An event of some little importance which happened about this time, served to show that Mr. Stanton had a reason for his reticence.

It was another busy day, and Mr. Sharp had himself undertaken to serve a particular customer. But when Mr. Sharp did appear behind the counter, he usually required one of the youths to serve him. Herbert happened to be nearest, so he was called. "Stanton, fetch me the green sarsenet, quick!"

Now, though Sherwood was some distance off, he heard Mr. Sharp's order, and in a moment seized the article required, which was just at his elbow, slipped it out of its place, and hid it behind some other goods, at the same time giving a sign, which was well understood, to the young men who were near.

Herbert came, sought diligently for the sarsenet of the colour wanted, but of course he could not find it.

"Stanton!" shouted Mr. Sharp, as he stood waiting impatiently, "how long do you intend to be?"

Herbert's face flushed; he turned the parcels over again and again: red, blue, white, yellow, any colour could be found but green. "Can you tell me where the green sarsenet is?" he asked of Sherwood.

"No, I can't; don't you see I'm busy?" he answered. Herbert asked the young men near. "Find it out," said one. "I know nothing of it," said another.

Herbert returned to his master and said that he could not find the thing for which he had been sent. And as he did so Sherwood stealthily put the article back into its place.

"Can't find it, sir? Why, I saw it only yesterday." And thereupon Mr. Sharp went to fetch it himself, returning in a moment with the green sarsenet in his hand. The lad could answer nothing. He stood as one stricken dumb; while his master, in the presence of the customers and others standing around, demanded what he meant by such carelessness that he could not do a trifling errand like that, what use he made of his eyes, and whether he gave any thought to what he was doing. If he did not mean to give his attention to his work he had better say so, and then his employers would know what to do.

Humiliated, perplexed, distressed, Herbert turned away; but when the close of the business day came he had in no degree recovered himself.

On the way home he was accompanied by George Dale, who continued to seek Herbert's friendship.

George saw his companion's grief, and said to him, "I know what you are fretting about. I wonder you don't mark the whole set of them."

"What do you mean?" asked Herbert.

"Well, I mean that before I'd be treated as you are by that rascal Sherwood and his crew, I'd expose them to the governors to-morrow," said George.

"I have certainly thought them very unkind."

"Unkind! why, they are a lot of slinking cowards! Don't you know why you couldn't find the sarsenet to-day?"

"No. That is my present puzzle."

"Because Sherwood took it out of its place and hid it, all the time knowing how he would get you into trouble with Mr. Sharp, who soon storms up if anything annoys him on a busy day. I heard them talking about it, and saying how well it was done."

The fact was that the fears which Herbert felt when he refused the footing were being realised. George had been much favoured by the men from the first day, and had been naturally gratified with their attentions. Herbert in numerous ways had been hindered, and even persecuted; the ill-will of the men culminating in the little act of spitefulness of this day.

Sherwood and his mates called this sort of conduct play. And certainly it was about the only sort of play to which they were accustomed; for it seemed to be a practice with them to get their fun at the cost of the pain and distress of others. It must be confessed that George had in several instances joined in the amusement thus attained at the expense of his companion; but he could bear it no longer, and so he informed Herbert of it now.

How soon the hard realities of life dash down the bright flowers of hope and trample them in the mire! As Herbert walked home he thought of the day, only a few weeks before, though it seemed as many years, when he walked these same streets by his father's side, seeking a place in Manchester House. He knew then only its name and its fine outside; and it appeared to him as a fairy palace, offering attractions as delightful as they were unknown. Now it rather seemed that he had fallen into a den of rogues and thieves.

Presently Herbert arrived at home ; George having left him at the corner turning to his Uncle Ben's.

He hung up his hat, took his seat in the midst of the little family, and without saying a word burst into tears. His friends were alarmed. But it was a long time before he could explain.

Had he allowed the tears to flow in the shop he would have been called a booby, but now the feeling which had been pent up all the day might safely be allowed to express itself in the natural way. After a time the tempest of sobs and tears raged itself out, and then came the calm.

"Now, my child, tell us thy trouble," said his mother, softly, as, with maternal tenderness and solicitude, she wiped the bitter tears from his face, feeling all the while as though the lad were a babe in her arms again.

"Come, my son, let us know it all," said his father, kindly.

And soon Herbert told all, beginning with the refusal of the footing, which he had not previously divulged, and ending with the account of Sherwood's meanness and his master's displeasure.

"Well, lad," said Mr. Stanton, "you've had a good bit of experience of sinful human nature to begin with. I thought I'd let you have a fair trial before asking you anything about your situation, and it appears you've had it already. I don't wonder that you cry about it, for it's rather a strong dose the devil's mixed for you."

"They are worse than the boys at school," said Herbert.

"Yes, I should think so," answered his father. "You bring back to me the time when I went, quite a little

fellow, into yon forge, and began to carry the bolts and rivets and hammers for the men. I'd found some sneaking cowards among the lads I played with in the streets ; but I thought I'd be sure to find the men grown out of such base and despicable ways. But I've had to learn that man's faults don't get less with years. Unless the heart be changed by God's good Spirit, a vicious lad will only be a more vicious man ; for thistles, by simply growing, don't turn into fig-trees. But keep heart, my son ; it's pain and not shame that's made you cry to-day. Pain in this world one must have, it appears, but not often shame, thank God."

"I should not have felt it so much," said Herbert, "if I had deserved Mr. Sharp's scolding ; but it was all through that Sherwood."

"Just so, my son, I can understand that. Mary, reach the Book, and read us what St. Peter has to say on that particular point." And Mary, who had been sitting by her brother's side with a heart full of sympathy, turned to St. Peter's first epistle and read, "Servants, be subject to your masters with all fear ; not only to the good and gentle, but also to the froward. For this is thankworthy, if a man for conscience toward God endure grief, suffering wrongfully."

"Mark that, my son—suffering wrongfully for conscience towards God. Go on, Mary."

"For what glory is it, if, when ye be buffeted for your faults, ye shall take it patiently ? but if, when ye do well, and suffer for it, ye take it patiently, this is acceptable with God."

"Now, lad, did you hear that ?"

"Yes, father."

"Well then, you hear that people are often buffeted for their own misdeeds much oftener than for anything else ; and they have no need to talk about their submission and their patience, because there is no credit due to them if they do take their whipping well ; they only get what they deserve. But you hear that sometimes people do well and yet have to suffer for it. Now are you sure that you have done nothing wrong to this Sherwood and the rest ?"

"Yes, father."

"And are you sure that you did your best to find the stuff for the master ?"

"Yes, father."

"Then hold up thy head, my son ; it's they, and not you, who have to fear. For if all the men in the place were against you, and the masters with them, your conduct would still be acceptable with God—He who is the one Great Master of all masters and of all men. And you know, my son," added the father, reverently and earnestly, "there is nothing so worthy of us and so suitable to us as the daily endeavour to make ourselves acceptable to God. Mary, read the next verse, and then let Herbert take it and finish it for himself before he goes to bed."

And Mary read, "For even hereunto were ye called : because Christ also suffered for us, leaving us an example, that ye should follow His steps."

The outward signs of George Dale's village origin have been already referred to, though it was seen that these did not prevent his being engaged by Mr. Sharp when

he was first presented to that gentleman. Mr. Sharp well knew that this rural appearance would not continue long. It was simply wonderful to see how quickly this lack of city smartness disappeared.

His widowed mother had long anticipated the first visit home of the lad she had so reluctantly parted with in the time of her sorrow ; and when the visit had taken place she had cause to remember it long afterwards.

Before leaving home George had received the best outfit the village tradesmen could give ; but now, though hat and coat and boots were by no means worn out, George spent the most of his time during the visit in trying to impress upon his mother the necessity of an entirely new supply. The hat, it appeared, had been out of the fashion for two years ; the coat for nearly two generations ; while the boots, stout lace-ups, were all right for the rough lanes of Cherryton, but quite unsuitable for the smooth causeways of the town and for the boarded floors of the shop. In fact, the comparison of his own unpretending attire with that of the dandies of the establishment, many of whom spent well-nigh all their wages upon their dress, had made George feel very uncomfortable ; and it seemed certain that his heart would have no rest until his exterior furnishing was brought more into harmony with the style prevailing around him. His engagements had not hitherto been so important but that he could meet them punctually without the aid of a watch ; now, however, it had become quite necessary that he should have one. And if the watch should be of silver, the guard must certainly be of gold, or if not, then something that would look like gold.

Of course consent was obtained at length for the purchase of these necessities, and then the village tailor and shoemaker had to be discarded, and the best tradesmen in the town favoured with the orders of the dissatisfied young man. And so it came to pass that George Dale gradually changed his outward aspect; from the hat and his well-trimmed hair, now needing more pomade in a month than had previously served for a year, down to the elastic-sided, kid-topped, ornamental, pearl-buttoned boots.





CHAPTER V.

MR. STANTON'S NOTIONS.

GEORGE DALE had early given signs of an ear for music. No boy obtained greater delight from the possession of a toy trumpet, a jew's harp, a drum, or concertina, than he.

Anything that would give forth the most distant resemblance to a musical sound was sure to be in favour with him. He is said to have shown great talent in forming the boys of the village into a band of music, when the best instruments at command were penny whistles and old tin pans. At the Sunday-school he liked to get as near as possible to the harmonium that he might watch the fingers of the performer as they glided softly from key to key, each touch adding its share to the general harmony. To play one of these large instruments, either the pianoforte or the harmonium, became to him an object of ambition, which of course was often expressed at home. The wish of the boy pleased his father, who was then living, extremely; but to gratify the wish was a difficulty. Mr. Dale set his heart upon a pianoforte for his son, though such a piece of furniture

had never been thought of before in the old house by the mill.

When the price of a good instrument was ascertained, the chance of securing one seemed very small.

But what George considered a wonderful turn of fortune was at hand. The contents of a large old mansion in the neighbourhood were announced for sale by auction, and among the articles offered was a pianoforte, of ancient build, but still retaining considerable sweetness of tone. On account of its old-fashioned appearance—for it was a square pianoforte, standing like a table on four legs—there was but small competition for it, and therefore it was knocked down quickly to Mr. Dale for a comparatively trifling sum. Had the instrument known of the transaction it might well have heaved a sigh, while it deplored the mutability of mundane things, for in its day it had served to enliven many a grand party of the local aristocracy.

The bringing home of this pianoforte was an event which created quite a sensation among the villagers.

How it was got into the small parlour was a marvel to many, but when there it filled well-nigh a fourth of the whole space of the room. However, the introduction of that old box of strings was a great event with that family.

George began to play it forthwith, soon acquiring a wonderful facility in handling the instrument, and on a Sunday before going to evening worship, or when they had returned, the family and friends would gather round in numbers often enough to fill the remaining space in the apartment, while George, the young musician, led

the company in singing their songs of Christian gladness unto the Lord.

Truly those were precious hours—precious as they passed, and precious also in the memories which they occasioned in after days. For the period in the family history “when we were all at home,” when both parents and children, none missing, gathered round the same table, and rested safely under the same roof, when the affairs of each were known to all in an unbroken community of interest, is a period to which we ever look back with fond regret. And perhaps the moments in that period we think of as the happiest were those in which the whole family, free from the calls of business or the lessons of the school, united on the Sabbath in hymns of Christian praise. Ah, how the feeling wells up in the heart, and the tears start to the eye of the far distant and long absent one, when he thinks of that season at home !

We have told of the introduction of the pianoforte to the old house by the mill that the reader may the better understand an act of Uncle Ben’s as the first winter drew nigh of his nephew’s apprenticeship at Manchester House.

During the winter the shop was closed an hour earlier than in the summer, namely, at seven o’clock. During the winter, also, as Uncle Ben knew well, the town offered numerous evening attractions, most fascinating but most dangerous, to any young man, but especially so to one so sensible to the charms of music as his nephew was.

Uncle Ben had often made one in the company who sang in the little parlour at Cherryton on Sunday after-

noons. And now it occurred to him that it would be well to have some music at home. Anxious, therefore, to provide a counter attraction of this kind, Uncle Ben went the length of purchasing a brand-new pianoforte, for which he paid a sum which so much astonished his careful wife that she could scarcely sleep for a week. Thus he tried to solve the difficulty as to how his nephew might most safely and profitably spend the winter evenings.

Now it so happened that at this very time Mr. Stanton was also pondering the same question on behalf of his own boy, having been led to think of the matter by a rejoicing intimation given by Herbert of his approaching earlier release from business.

"I'll tell you what, lad," said Mr. Stanton to his son one evening, as he sat against the table with George Dale—the two having come from the shop about half an hour before—"I should like to see you with a book in your hand again."

"Would you, father?" answered Herbert. "Well, I should like to please you, and in doing so I should be equally pleased myself."

"I've looked at that pile of books on the shelf there again and again, and I've been grieved not a little to see them lie undisturbed. I never did care for ornamental books; for I reckon it's as much a slight upon a book not to read it, as it is to a preacher not to listen to him. And it doesn't make any difference if you do put a fine cover upon the book. I guess there's a deal of wisdom smothered between showy book backs."

The books to which Mr. Stanton referred were mostly those which Herbert had used at school, but some of



"Uncle Ben went the length of purchasing a brand-new pianoforte,"

Manchester.

E

them were well-bound prizes and presents he had received.

"But what can I do, father? See how little time I have for reading."

"I know your time is little, but I'd like you to use the little instead of letting it slip away," said Mr. Stanton.

It must be acknowledged that Herbert had scarcely opened a book since he went to the shop, though it could hardly be said to be for want of the inclination. Perhaps the novelty of his present employment had not yet worn away.

"I remember the mistake I made myself on this very score," continued Mr. Stanton. "God never gave me the great chances He gives to some folk, but I can see now that He's given me a large number of little ones that I've not heeded at all. And I fear I've let them slip just because they were little. It's very wonderful to see what contempt little people have for little things."

"But, father, I hope you don't count yourself among little people," said daughter Mary, who was quietly helping her mother with some sewing while she listened to the talk that was going on. "We shan't allow you to do that."

"Ah, well, my lass, whether you'll allow it or not, it's true. I don't mean now the humble-minded folk, for it's no discredit to belong to them; but I mean the folk of little aim, little pluck, and little enterprise. I mean those folk the Scriptures speak of who have so little that it's called nothing, and who have even the little taken away; or, as it seems to me, they throw it away of themselves. Little minutes of time, little sums of money, little opportunities of self-improvement—little bits of good of every

sort. Ah, yes, it's true enough, I've been one of these."

The company was slow to believe the voluntary confession of the father, but there was no doubt the good man was in earnest, and believed it thoroughly himself.

"Why, father," said Herbert, "you are making out your life to be a great failure."

"And truly, lad, I think it so; and I only can pray that when you two youths come to my age you will not have the same feeling to throw its saddening shade across your later years. But do not mistake me. I have learned how to be glad in the midst of sorrow; for I've had a glorious experience of mercy, the Lord be praised! Only I can't make a boast of my unprofitableness, as I've heard some folk seem to do. I'm only very much ashamed of it. But where are we, lads? What did we begin to talk about?"

"You began to tell us your experience about little things," said George.

"Just so. Well, I'll tell you more of what I've noticed. It may be worth your remembering. I've noticed this, then, that nearly all the great men I've known, instead of despising the small things, have had a great care for them. It's scarcely more than the truth to say that they have built up their success by them. Somewhere in the little reading I've done I've seen the question asked, What is genius? and the answer given was this, It is an unlimited capacity of taking pains. And I think that's not far from the mark; because taking pains, you know, is just attending closely to the little details of your work, making the best of what is small and apparently trifling in whatever you take in hand. So, lads, if you

would be men of genius, take the old advice and do not despise the day of small things. And to bring this home, I hope you'll not despise the little bit of extra time you'll have at your command these winter nights."

"Well, father, what would you like us to do?" asked Herbert.

"Why, as for that, lad, you'll gather what I'd like if I tell you another notion or two that I have, for I've always a few notions, if I've nothing else, to give to folk. Now, I like to see a man good at his trade, like the poor shoeblack who said there were people who could beat him in almost everything, but none who could put a brighter polish upon a pair of shoes. That's all right and as it should be. But I like to see a man who knows something besides the trade he gets his living by. There's Dan Scolter, at our place now, that can fix up a boiler as well as any fellow about the forge. Well, that's to his credit. But then it always seems to me when I try to have a bit of chat with Dan that there's nought at all in his mind but hammers, and rivets, and boiler-plates. I question whether Dan has seen the inside of a book for years, except the book he puts down his time and wages in. And as for the Bible, he said one day that's the parson's book—it had nought to do with him. Now, I say, that's not the sort of life for any man. It's not right to let one's-self become just a boiler-making machine. I rather think God put us into this wonderful and beautiful world that we might look all round at it, examine it, and try to understand some small part of His mighty plan. I reckon it's no small mercy that the Bible is given to tell us there's something of the God-like in us all, and that

it becomes us to live as the sons of God. I'd like you to learn your trade so that none shall pass you in that, but I'd also urge you to make the best of yourselves all round. And I tell you, lads, it has pleased me much to see the accounts of the young men's institutions that have sprung up all over the country and in this town, with their libraries and evening classes of history, and grammar, and science, and all the rest of good things. I wish only I had the power to sit down at such a feast."

"I thought you would come to something at last," said Herbert.

"Yes, lad, if you give me time, I'm sure to arrive somewhere. I kept you at school as long as you would stay, because I believe in education, and now I'd like you to get to one of these other schools for the same reason. I want you to know something, and I don't mind how much, for I'd rather see you rich in knowledge than in money. There are plenty of ignorant rich folk nowadays, with their big houses, and fine furniture, and carriages, and that; but if you must choose, I hope my lad will make Solomon's choice."

One moonlight night in the course of this winter, about ten o'clock, two young men in very fashionable dress, each smoking a large meerschaum pipe and each carrying a short stick, thin at one end and very thick at the other—much in vogue among this class of dandies—were walking jauntily along the street. One of these was Sherwood; the other was a young man who has not yet appeared in the course of this narrative, named Edward Smallgrace.

He was considerably younger than Sherwood, not yet

eighteen years of age indeed, though, from his appearance, you would certainly have judged him older. He had a well-knit, thick-set frame, and a medium stature, glossy black hair, a round face, and complexion almost Italian. His ordinary walk was a strut, reminding you of the measured pace of a game-cock. He also was a draper's apprentice at an establishment a few doors away from Manchester House.

As the two thus walked along, Sherwood noticed two youths with books under their arms coming in the opposite direction. They were Herbert Stanton and George Dale.

"See, Ted," said Sherwood to his companion, "here are the wise men from the East coming."

"Oh, yes, I see them," said Smallgrace. "Don't they look a pair of learned noodles?"

"Eh, that they do," said Sherwood. "A fellow going about the street with a book under his arm always seems to me to be saying, 'Don't you know what a clever man I am?' I hate to see it. Let's chaff them."

"So we will," said Smallgrace. At this moment the two couples met.

"Well, young cockalorums, don't you feel top-heavy?" asked Sherwood, sarcastically.

"What with?" asked Herbert.

"Why, with the load of wisdom you've taken into the upper chambers," answered Sherwood.

"We have not felt any inconvenience yet," said Herbert.

"Bless you! they don't carry their wisdom in their heads," interposed Smallgrace, with whom Herbert and George were but slightly acquainted. "They have it in

their books and carry it under the arm, you know.

"Well, you're not far from right," said Herbert; "we have got very little in our heads as yet, and very much in our books; but we are trying to transfer it as quickly as we can."

"Oh yes, very noble of you! But tell us where you've been to-night, will you?" said Sherwood.

"We have been to the Young Men's Christian Association," said George, who now spoke for the first time.

"The young men's Christian hoax; that's what I call it," said Smallgrace.

"Oh, indeed! And I suppose you have a reason for calling our Association by such an ugly name?" said Herbert.

"Why, of course he has," said Sherwood; "because it's a place where a lot of stuck-up, benevolent coves do you out of your money."

"Eh," said Smallgrace, "while they promise to make you into wise men and saints."





CHAPTER VI.

UNCLE BEN'S VISITOR.

MR. BERGER was one day leaning his stiff back against the counter near the entrance to the shop, twirling his watchguard with his fingers, while he waited for a customer, when he was accosted by Mr. Edward Smallgrace.

"Come, old tight-waist," said the young swell to the elder one, "attend to business, and show me where, in this grand crib of yours, I can find some stuff like that!" at the same moment showing a sample of some article he wished to match. For it was the custom of the different shops to accommodate each other in little things.

Edward Smallgrace, the young man who thus saucily assaulted the dignity of Mr. Berger, and whose acquaintance the reader made towards the close of the last chapter, had already secured for himself a reputation among the assistants and apprentices of the various shops and warehouses surrounding Manchester House. He had risen like a comet upon their horizon, but he did not, like the comet, quickly disappear; on the contrary, he remained and shone with the brilliancy of a fixed star. In a com-

munity of this sort the advent of any stranger presenting appearances beyond what were ordinary was quickly noted and reported.

By this time many accounts had been circulated respecting this young man ; but there was one which was generally received as correct. It was stated that he had himself told somebody else that he was an orphan, and that he had an uncle in some distant place who stood to him in the relation of a guardian. It was further stated that Smallgrace was heir to a fortune from his parents, and had large expectations from his uncle. Whether these things were strictly correct nobody knew, for nobody had the means of testing their truth. But this at least was certain—he wore clothes of the best, and seemed to have as many changes of raiment as an Eastern prince. He decorated his person with jewellery to an astonishing extent, even possessing a diamond ring among his treasures ; and, no small thing to say, he was never short of five shillings to spend over those who had the good fortune to be called his friends. When all these things are considered, it will not be thought surprising that Smallgrace should secure for himself a large share of attention and deference. Everybody wished to stand well with him. And yet when you inquired into the secret of his popularity, you could find nothing beyond the dazzling effect of those exterior embellishments which have just been named.

Time rushes on, even the apprentice's time, though this is perhaps the last thing he is willing to believe. Both Herbert and George had met casually with Smallgrace several times since the encounter on returning from the

Association ; but, though Smallgrace had shown a particularly friendly bearing towards them, there had been no more intimate acquaintance. There was now no talk about Smallgrace. He had ceased to be a wonder. All were accustomed to him. He strutted from his lodgings to business in the morning, and strutted away with his friends in the evening, always retaining the same merry mood, and was usually spoken of as "that lucky dog, Smallgrace."

Mr. Berger would certainly have been aggrieved had any other young man addressed him in Smallgrace's terms ; but like all others, he gave way to him, and conducted him to George Dale, directing George to find the required article. While they were engaged comparing colours and finding the exact shade of material, Smallgrace said to George—"I say, young fellow, when are you intending to make your first appearance in public ?"

"What do you mean ?" said George.

"Nay, nay, don't look so green as that ; do you think no one hears of your performances ?"

"Well, if you refer to my playing, I didn't know that there was anything particular to hear of in that."

But while George said this, he could not help feeling a little gratified at this reference to his skill.

"Oh, you're a meek and unassuming young gentleman, you are, no doubt. But, I say, Dale, where do you live ?"

George told him, wrapped up his parcel, and then he went away, bestowing a nod or a smile here and there along the counters upon those who claimed the honour of his acquaintance.

A few evenings after, George was approaching his uncle's shop, when some one from behind said—

"Halloo, what hurry there?"

George looked back, and was somewhat surprised to see Smallgrace.

"Well, Dale," said he, "I suppose you are going home, and if you don't object you shall give me an introduction to the old folk. I should like to know your father and mother."

"But I live with my uncle and aunt," said George.

"Oh, well, it's all the same," said Smallgrace, in his rattling style. "I mean your uncle and aunt." George didn't know what to think of this offering of himself on the part of one who usually associated with those older rather than with those younger than himself. George knew of his reputed wealth, and of the esteem in which his friendship was held by many; but, to confess the truth, he knew it was the men of Sherwood's sort who liked him best, while Herbert Stanton didn't care for him at all. But Smallgrace had referred to George's musical talent, and made that the reason for his visit. It is hard to withstand those who say good things about us, even when the flattery is evident; George could not do so now, especially as he was not quite sure that in this instance Smallgrace was playing the flatterer's part.

"Uncle," said George, as he entered the house, "this is Mr. Smallgrace; aunt, this is Mr. Smallgrace."

Uncle Ben was at first a little amazed at the imposing young man thus introduced by his nephew, but he quickly recovered himself, and with a face beaming with smiles, said—"You're welcome, sir; please to sit down."



"Smallgrace, in his easy style, did as he was bidden." p. 71.

His wife, even more bedazzled than her husband, laid down her knitting and tried to drop a curtsy to the distinguished visitor.

George said, "Our friend has called to have a little music."

Smallgrace, in his easy style, did as he was bidden. He threw his hat upon the table, and himself into Uncle Ben's easy-chair, stretched out his legs upon the hearth-rug, and in two minutes could scarcely have been known from one of the family; save that in his attire he far outshone even George's fashionable gear.

"It's correct as Dale says, Mr. —?"

"Young is my name," interposed Uncle Ben.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Young," said Smallgrace. "You must know that I've a very high regard for the divine art of music, Mr. Young. I should like to tell you how it affects me, and I would if I could, I assure you. But the fact is, music, sir—well, music is so touching, you know."

Which very original remark was at once responded to by Uncle Ben, who said it certainly was. His wife also, dear simple soul, seemed deeply moved, and could only express her approval of Smallgrace's remark by sending forth a sigh, while she eyed the stranger with the most unaffected complacency.

"I have been very pleased," continued the visitor, "to hear of your nephew's talents; I can tell you that it is quite the talk of the young fellows in his establishment, and in others as well." This assurance both George and his friends were as much astonished as they were pleased to hear. For his age and opportunities there

was no doubt George did show considerable skill, and as it was his habit to get at least an hour's practice before going to the shop in the morning, thanks to the custom of early rising in the household, there was the promise of still greater efficiency ; still, no one had ever dreamed that there was anything extraordinary about his ability.

"Do you know, Mr. Young," said Smallgrace, beginning again, "I'm a little afraid lest Dale should hide his talent under a bushel, which would be a great pity. I say he should rather be willing to let it shine."

While making a jumble of Scripture metaphors in this manner, he did not point out the particular way in which he considered George's talent should be exhibited. But he did volunteer many other complimentary statements, until it appeared not unlikely that in the talk of the music the performance of it that evening would be quite forgotten. However, an opportunity came for George to display his powers at last, and then Smallgrace expressed himself as simply delighted. After which he produced a roll of songs which he had brought with him, and, in a rich tenor voice, he sang one of a most pathetic style, which fairly won the hearts of Mr. and Mrs. Young. Mr. Smallgrace was in no hurry to leave, but stayed until supper was served, doing full justice to the simple fare provided ; and then another song was sung, as a parting one, after which Uncle Ben and his wife expressed their high sense of obligation for the visit Smallgrace had paid them, and the hope that they would soon have the pleasure of seeing him again.

The door was shut, and Smallgrace had placed a few yards between himself and the house, when he drew his

watch from his pocket, and looking at it, said, half aloud, "Ten past eleven. Ha, ha! that's a jolly nest! And I'm to go again. Yes, my worthy friends, I will without fail!" Then he hastened away to his lodgings in another part of the town.





CHAPTER VII.

PUSHING THE TRADE.

THERE is nothing a shopkeeper is more unwilling to see than a person going away from his counter without having made a purchase. True, the person may have only loitered into the shop with no intention to buy, but only to make an inquiry, or to see what is going, or an article may have been asked for which was not in stock, but all the same the shopman feels that he should, if possible, make a sale. He is quite justified in this, if it were only as a compensation for the time he must spend with people of this sort.

He knows also that many customers are not well acquainted with their own wants, or indeed whether they have any or not. They come to the counter with the most indefinite requests, and occasionally with no requests at all ; and then the skill of the salesman is exercised in the endeavour to discover the need and to please the taste which the customer is unable to describe.

A large proportion of the year's sales in a prosperous business consists of goods which have not been asked for

by customers, but which have been introduced to their notice by energetic salesmen, who know how to "push the trade." And in many cases, when novelties are shown, or goods of more than ordinary quality or of less than ordinary price, the articles are as gladly purchased as sold. The gratification of buyer and seller is mutual.

It requires no skill to supply just what the customer demands: any novice can do that. A man's business capacity is shown rather in the quantity he can sell beyond the buyer's simple requests. There is also, we believe, among drapers a saying that a man is not perfectly proficient until he can sell a lady a white dress when she asks for a black one.

In some instances, however, this endeavour to sell is pushed much too far, and the customer becomes offended with the salesman's importunities. Window placards and newspaper advertisements sometimes make promises which cannot be honourably fulfilled; and when the particular articles which have been advertised are inquired for, an attempt must be made to substitute others; assistants in certain cases being given to understand that their situations even depend upon their success. Thus the very strongest inducements are offered to shopmen to misrepresentation and deceit. It may be mentioned as a fact in illustration of the above, that a person not long ago was led by an advertisement to visit a large shop in one of our great towns, and to ask for a certain article. Only very inferior and damaged goods were offered; and this when the customer distinctly stated that he only wanted just what was advertised. On turning away to leave the counter with-

out having made a purchase, the saleswoman appealed to the person, and said, "Do, please, buy something, sir; I shall get into trouble if you don't."

Now things were not carried to this length in Manchester House. Indeed, while Mr. Fletcher managed the business himself an attempt at imposition on the part of an assistant would not only have been discouraged, but severely rebuked. Mr. Fletcher was a man of honour, and would have scorned to advance his business interests by trickery and falsehood.

We cannot say as much for Mr. Sharp, who at this time was really the lawgiver of the house. He boasted of being a business man. All his creed was summed up in the word which he gave to the two apprentices as a sort of talisman when they entered upon the service of the firm. Unfortunately, however, he associated with the grand old word practices which many men of business would utterly despise. The best advice he was known to have given, even to his own daughter, was that she should have an eye to the main chance. And, certainly, he did not rise above this in the recommendations given to his servants. Indeed, it was well known in the establishment that Mr. Sharp would allow, and even approve, what Mr. Fletcher would unhesitatingly condemn.

Herbert Stanton was one day serving a lady when he was asked for a certain coloured velvet. Herbert spread out one piece after another, and did his best to display them to advantage, but he found he could not meet the wish of the lady, because she wanted a velvet of one particular shade, that should be "all silk," while those

commonly sold were "union," that is, they contained a mixture of cotton. What was Herbert to do? They had plenty of velvets "all silk" in the shop, but not the required colour. He determined to ask direction of his master. Finding Mr. Sharp alone in an office, he said—"If you please, sir, here is a lady wants an 'all silk' velvet this shade, and we have only ——"

"We have only a union, I suppose?" said Mr. Sharp, taking the lad up quickly.

"Yes, sir, we have only unions. What am I to——"

"What are you to do? Why, you are to sell what you can."

"But, sir, we haven't got what is wanted, and nothing else will do."

"Look among the reserve stock, and bring to me the nearest you can find," said Mr. Sharp.

Herbert went and sought among the uncut pieces, and found a good velvet the required shade, but it also was a union. "There is this piece," he said to Mr. Sharp, on returning, "a little better quality, but still a union, there is no doubt."

"Take that to the lady and tell her it is all silk," said Mr. Sharp to his astonished apprentice; "she will not know the difference, and you are a poor fellow if you can't tell a lie."

Herbert gave his master a look full of amazement and indignation, and then dropped his eyes as though he was ashamed for him.

What were Mr. Sharp's feelings as he met Herbert's glance cannot be said; he did not, however, give any indication of compunction as he turned to his books,

saying as he did so, "Come, quick, Stanton, and see to your customer."

Without uttering a word in reply, Herbert went back to the counter, submitted the new piece, told the simple truth about it, and in reference to this article had to be content to see the lady go away unserved. All this had not taken place unobserved by the men who were near. The few words spoken between Mr. Sharp and Herbert had been overheard, and quickly made known. And when it was found that Herbert had not done as he was directed, no little surprise was felt at what appeared to them as an open defiance of the "gov'nor."

"And so he is a poor fellow," said Sherwood, always ready to palliate a wrong thing and to discourage a good one, "and he's a young fool too!"

"How so?" asked Pindar.

"Ah, yes, you're going to stand up for the white young saint, ain't you? You're a very proper character to defend him, you are! You tell no lies, oh no!" Such was Sherwood's satirical response to Pindar's question.

"I make no profession to truthfulness," said Pindar, who was a well-disposed man, but much lacking in firmness of principle; "but I like to see a plucky fellow, and a man can admire the truth if he doesn't practise it."

"Oh, yes, he can," said Sherwood, "and a very cheap way of being good it is, no doubt. It's better than the priest's indulgence, for you can admire without paying anything; you are a knowing chap, Pindar. But I say again Stanton's a fool."

"Tell us why you think so," said another who was standing by.

"Because there's poor luck for him in this place if he doesn't run well with the gov'nor. It isn't a safe thing to turn against that hard old flint, I know."

"Perhaps it won't be quite as easy for him," said Pindar; "but he's all the braver because of that. The fact is, it's the 'two masters' question that's at the bottom of this talk."

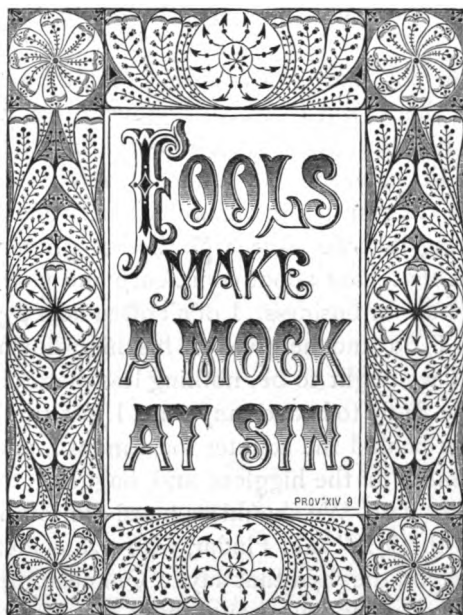
"Hark at that precious pattern of goodness," said Sherwood; "he's actually going to quote Scripture to us!"

"No, I'm not; sorry to confess I don't know it well enough for that. But I say, all honour to Stanton when he follows his conscience and his God rather than sell his soul to the devil, as some of us mean wretches do."

"Ah, yes, it's grand talk," answered Sherwood; "you'll be suggesting that we have a Methodist prayer-meeting next. But that cant about conscience and God and the devil won't do for business. I don't often hear a preacher, but when I do, and he gives us his high-flown notions about what we ought to be, nothing less than angels with wings ready to fly to heaven any time, I just think I'd like to have him behind the counter for a month, and let him have to deal with the higglers and hagglers that come in here every day. We should soon see him off his stilts."

"I don't think it," said Pindar, who was evidently prepared to defend the right that day. "Our customers would think better of us, and we should think better of ourselves, and business would be what it should be, if we always dared to deal honestly and fairly, as Stanton is trying to do. And what you say about the hardness of carrying out the preacher's high-flown notions, as you call them,

only shows what miserable cowards we are. Brave men never give up a thing because it's hard. I fancy they rather like it all the better. I tell you, Sherwood, that we are the fools, and we ought to despise ourselves the more if we give the name to him. We know better ; for neither you nor I are fit to tie Stanton's shoes."





CHAPTER VIII.

THE CHAFING BONDS.

HERBERT and George were bound for seven years. On the day that these youths completed their third year George said to his companion—

“Herbert, they say that time flies quickly; do you believe it?”

“Well, I sometimes find it very hard to believe,” said Herbert; “but it depends upon what time you mean. Some time goes fast enough.”

“Ah, yes, you’re right in that—for instance, time spent in bed. Why, I scarcely enjoy my bed a bit, for I have to turn out almost as soon as I turn in. When I lie down, at night I generally have just two thoughts. I say to myself, ‘There’s another day over,’ and then I say, ‘There’s another day coming,’ and while I’m saying it I fall asleep, and in a few minutes, as it seems, Uncle Ben comes to my bedside and shakes me, and wakes me, and says, ‘It’s time to get up, George.’ And then I find out that another day *has* come, and it seems as though the new day had hustled out the old day.”

"And I never find the time between Saturday night and Monday morning to go too slowly," said Herbert ; "it is always a pleasant thing to me to see the shutters put up at the end of the week, and to think, 'It's Sunday to-morrow !' I always enjoy my Sundays. Sometimes, when I awake on a Sunday morning at the usual time, I forget for the moment that it is Sunday, and I'm just going to get up and put on my week-day clothes, when I remember that I haven't to come to the shop to-day, and then I can scarcely help shouting, so glad I am of the day of rest. But when Monday morning comes, and I have to set out again, and I see the people thronging to their work, the shops opening, the 'buses and cabs and carts carrying their loads, and everybody and everything with work-a-day dress on again, I think it's a pity Sunday can't be made a little longer than it is."

"Yes, that's true," said George ; "and yet I'm sure time, taken altogether, doesn't go quickly. Why see, we have only been here three years, and there are four yet to serve. It's too long, I say. It will be hard work for me to settle down for four years longer. Indeed, to be short and plain, I don't think it's right to expect it, and I begin to feel—well, that I might be missing some morning."

Herbert was a little shocked at the intimation thus given by his fellow apprentice, for though he was obliged to confess that he shared George's opinion about the length of the term for which they were bound, it had not occurred to him that it might be cut short in this summary manner.

"But you know we are legally bound to serve the whole time," said Herbert at length.

"Yes, I know that, but I say it's wrong all the same. No one had ever any right to fasten me for seven years. I've been talking the matter over with a friend, and we were quite agreed on that point, and if nobody had a right to bind me, then I say I have a perfect right to break away, and I fancy it will not be long before I do. One reason why I think of doing this is because I'm tired of being in one place. I should like a change. Another is that I think I ought to have more wages now. I know I'm only seventeen, still I'm nearly as big as a man, and I think I can do a man's work, too. Why shouldn't I have a man's pay?"

Though George talked on in this strain to some length further, it was plain to Herbert that there was more in George's mind than he thought proper to unfold. Something had happened, he knew not what, to make George restive and unsettled. He was kicking and prancing and biting the bit which held him, like a young horse. The allusion to a friend with whom he had been speaking on the subject showed that George had not merely been giving expression to a passing bit of waywardness, but that he had been dwelling on the matter, seeking information, and, it would appear, almost forming a decision.

Reference has already been made to the fact that Mr. Stanton had sought to be a counsellor to his son. Herbert thought this a suitable time to seek his aid.

"And so you're getting just a bit impatient, are you, lads?" said Mr. Stanton, when one evening they had taken an opportunity of stating their grievances; "and you think yourselves badly done to, and you would like to alter all that's been done for you, and begin afresh?"

Well, I don't so much wonder at that; indeed I almost expected it."

Here the lads looked up wonderingly at him, and George said, "Oh, then, you agree with us, do you?"

"Well, not exactly so," said Mr. Stanton, calmly. "Still, I think I understand you. You must know there comes a time in the history of most young oxen when their horns begin to grow. And a very dangerous time it is, both for themselves and others. For when a young ox finds that it has got a pair of horns it naturally wants a chance of using them, and if a chance doesn't turn up it's apt to make one, and then it will rush, and push, and bellow in the field, until at last it provokes the sober old oxen to give it a lesson not soon to be forgotten."

George's hand found its way involuntarily to his forehead, perhaps to feel whether his horns were coming. Herbert simply said, "That isn't a very complimentary illustration, father."

"I suppose it isn't, lad. You know I don't deal in that sort of thing. However, I was going to say the time comes, too, when boys get bigger than boys, and perhaps a little wiser, and yet not big enough and wise enough to be called men. They suddenly come to feel that they are a good deal stronger in many ways than they were a short time before, and when they feel themselves so much enlarged, they find out that the world has somehow grown along with them, and they begin a-panting to break away, like young Alexanders, to conquer it. A bairn finds its wide, wide world around its mother's door-step, and has to learn afterwards that it extends further than that. Well, I should think it a

misfortune for any young man if he didn't feel this increase of power, but it is also a misfortune when, as soon as he feels it, he wants to set forth anywhere and everywhere his foolish will may lead him. And though, maybe, you didn't know it, this is one reason why lads are bound, that there may be a sufficient check upon them in such impatient seasons as these."

"But, father, the complaint George makes, and I can't help joining him in it, is that the apprenticeship should be so long. *Seven years!*" said Herbert, putting great emphasis on the "seven."

"As for that," answered Mr. Stanton, "I grant that it must seem a long time to you, and, if you like, that it is a long time; yet you will be surprised to learn that this was once the shortest term of apprenticeship in this country, for I have read that in Queen Elizabeth's reign it was enacted that no person should exercise any trade, craft, or mystery in England unless he had previously served to it an apprenticeship of seven years at least. And it was not an uncommon thing, I believe, for some to be bound for ten years."

"But why did they make it so long?" asked George.

"I should think one reason was because the people of those days believed in thoroughness. If you examine the English work of those times—the buildings, stonework, wood-work, or iron-work, the cloth they produced, linen, silk, or woollen, they hadn't much cotton, and the furniture, often beautifully carved—you will find it is work which should make us men of the present time blush for the flimsy productions we too often turn out of our hands. When a man at our forge does something

in half the time it takes other people to do it in, we always feel very suspicious that there's a grave fault somewhere. If you would have thoroughness, either as an artisan or a tradesman, you must take time to get it."

"But, Mr. Stanton, I don't think there is much for me to learn at Manchester House. I've got all they can teach me, I think," said George.

"Oh, indeed. I was going to say, Well done, but I think I'd better be plain and say, I'm sorry for you."

"Why so?"

"Well, it's a great pity, to say the least, when a lad thinks he's learned all about anything. I don't think you will be offended at anything I say, for you know I just speak my mind about matters, so perhaps you had better be told that that is simple puppyism, and if you don't soon get rid of it, why, it is sure to bring you into contempt, that's all. You would be rather amused if a lad were to tell you he had seen the sea in his mother's washing-tub, yet you remind one of that kind of folly. You've got a little knowledge, and, in your conceit, you put that for all. Because you've learned the names of things, and something about their values, and can perhaps serve an ordinary customer, you think you've got all. I don't know much about such businesses as yours, but I can see at once that can't be true."

"But what else can there be to learn?" asked George.

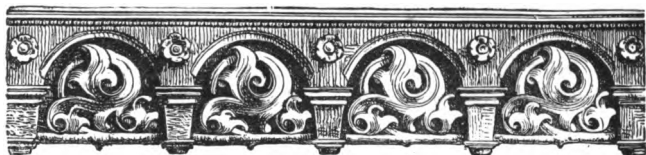
"A vast deal more, I should think, and I don't mind talking a bit longer if I can show you this. But I can do this best by referring to my own experience. Now during the time I've been at yon forge I've had the chance of watching the careers of many young men, and

I can tell you I've been not a little astonished at the difference among them. Most of them have come into the place and taken up with some one sort of work, and got to know that well enough to earn so many shillings a week by it, and then they had done. They yoked themselves to the mill when they first began, and they've gone round and round on the old beat, and will do so to the end. But others have come in and learned one thing thoroughly, and then another, taking care to get the science of their work, the reason why, as well as the practical part of it, and so they've pushed on, some of them a long way beyond me, and become foremen and managers, and even masters. And when I've inquired into the causes of this difference I've usually found that it was not that some had so much more brains than others, but that the majority just learned what they were obliged to learn and no more, that which they couldn't do without, while the others made a study of everything—the material they worked, the tools they handled, the men they worked with, and the masters they served. They sought to understand the principles of business, too, and so excelled not only in the mechanical part of their work, but also in the scientific and commercial parts. And among the rest of things these successful men learned, I reckon not the least valuable was their habit of submitting to authority. They didn't spend time in fretting and chafing at what might seem the heavy bonds of their service, but were rather glad to follow direction when kindly given, and tried to submit patiently when not given kindly. Now every one knows that those who are best fitted to command are those who

have best learned how to obey. And to come back to the question we set out with, the time for which apprentices are bound, I may be a bit old-fashioned in my notions, but if a man's life be seventy years, it doesn't seem unreasonable to me that one-tenth of that time should be spent in preparing for the other nine-tenths. So, lads, if it be true that you have got all else already, which I don't for a moment believe, I hope you'll buckle to again, and spend the rest of the time in learning patiently to submit to the powers above you. I can see you're a long way from being good servants yet, and until you are such you will never make good masters."

Herbert, who had listened very quietly to his father's talk, now thanked him for it. George also said, "Thank you," but whether with a good grace or not seemed doubtful.





CHAPTER IX.

HESITATION AND DECISION.

UP to the period at which we have now arrived the intimacy which began between Herbert and George on the first day of their apprenticeship had continued unbroken. There was, however, an important difference in the position of the young men, which in this short chapter we will try to indicate. In the position of George Dale there was a considerable element of uncertainty. There were two forces which just at this time seemed to be contending and seeking to bear him in the one direction or the other. One influence was friendly, the other unfriendly. The first was found in the old connection between himself and the Stantons. He had always been welcome at the Stantons' home. He had continued to go with Herbert to the Christian Institute, and though his Uncle Ben was a Churchman, and George was expected to go with his uncle and aunt to church, yet he had not unfrequently spent his Sunday afternoons in the Sunday-school which Herbert attended. Altogether his acquaintance with the Stantons was a safe and beneficial one.

The opposite influence was that of Smallgrace, who continued, for reasons of his own, to seek George's company. George's disposition was naturally lightsome and gay. Smallgrace saw this, and sought to gratify him. He made heavy bids for his companionship, and being willing to spend money freely for George's enjoyment, he seemed to have every chance of success. George saw plainly that his safety was in clinging to Herbert, but there was such a fascination in Smallgrace that he knew not how to resist him. No one needed a good companion more than he, and he already possessed one, and yet he was sorely tempted to exchange a good for a bad one. That the enticements of Smallgrace were those of a sinner, and, from some few things which had fallen from his usually well-guarded lips, a great sinner, he had no doubt, and yet he found it hard work to consent not.

The position of Herbert Stanton was, happily, much more decided.

It had ever been the endeavour of his parents to make home the most attractive place on earth to their children, and they succeeded well. A good home had not been made in vain for Herbert.

It is not an unfrequent occurrence for boys when they go to work to sever their connection with the Sunday-school, under the foolish and conceited notion of being now too big to go. Herbert had, fortunately, resisted all such temptations, and maintained an unwavering attachment to the school he had attended from his earliest years. He now found there a wealth of friendship and fellowship for which he was sincerely thankful. Precious bonds were formed which he would not have broken for

the world. Through the Sunday-school he had become united with the Christian Church.

One Sunday evening, about this time, a band of young men, numbering six or eight, stood before the communion-rail of the house of God with which the Stantons were associated, to be publicly received into the membership of the church. One of the little band was Herbert. The minister addressed to them a few well-chosen words of congratulation and hope, presented to them a ticket of membership, and then extended to each the right hand of fellowship.

After joining the other members of the church in partaking of the Lord's Supper, the young men were solemnly commended to God in prayer by the minister, amid the joyful tears and responses of affectionate and thankful friends.





CHAPTER X.

A PARTY AT UNCLE BEN'S.

"I WILL without fail," Smallgrace had said in answer to the invitation to come again to Uncle Ben's. And he kept his word. He not only came again himself, but from time to time he introduced one and another of his friends, amongst whom Sherwood did not fail to find a place.

The thing did not appear to be done by design, and yet in the course of a few months Uncle Ben's hitherto quiet abode became one of the liveliest in the neighbourhood. Long before either himself or his wife were really aware of it, they and their house were taken possession of by a band of gay young fellows, who made the rooms to ring with their laughter and their songs.

"Uncle Ben," said Smallgrace, "I think we ought to have a party this Christmas-time, and if you've no objection we'll invite ourselves for some evening soon. What say you, old friend?"

"Ah, yes, very nice," said the good-natured man, who had now become "Uncle Ben" to all who chose to claim him.

"Well, then it's agreed. Do you hear, you fellows?" said Smallgrace, addressing two or three who were with him. "You're all invited, mind."

An early evening was fixed for the entertainment.

For reasons which cannot be stated, because the young men scarcely knew them, it had happened that George's visits to Herbert's home had been much more frequent than Herbert's to George's home. But as a party was now being arranged it was impossible not to invite Herbert. And yet George felt some hesitation in asking his friend. He was scarcely prepared to admit the fact, even to himself, but a fact it was nevertheless, that when he was about to give the invitation a certain uncomfortable feeling took possession of him, which led him for that day to give up the task. At last he succeeded in saying—

"Herbert, we are having a few friends at our house to supper next week. Will you object to come?"

"Object!" answered Herbert, "certainly not; I will come with pleasure."

George received the answer and said no more about it, because he felt sure that if his companion knew who the few friends were whom he was invited to meet, his pleasure in the anticipation of the event would be very small.

The evening came, and the company—Smallgrace, Sherwood, Pindar, Herbert, and four or five other young men whom Smallgrace had taken the liberty to introduce. Dear Uncle Ben had put off his grocer's apron and donned his church-going attire. His wife had even done more, for from the bottom of a well-filled drawer she had brought forth a splendid brocade dress which had been made in the height of the fashion thirty years before.

This dress was one of her peculiar treasures, and being but little worn, it appeared on this occasion as fresh as when it was new, and from its old-fashioned style afforded inexpressible amusement to the guests. A bountiful meal was boisterously honoured by the assembled company. Jokes, laughter, merriment reigned supreme. Uncle Ben had not undertaken to provide more than the substantial part of the feast, but the young men did not fail to supply the other part for themselves. From certain pockets sundry bottles of wine and spirits had been brought forth and placed upon the table, and soon the dexterous hand of Sherwood essayed to draw the corks.

"Come, young gentleman," said he to Herbert, after awhile, "pass your glass and let me fill it with this prime old port."

"I'm much obliged, but I think you know that I don't drink wine."

"No more do I, as a rule, because I'm not fortunate enough to get it; but special occasions are always excepted. It's a special occasion, you know."

"The company will kindly excuse me," said Herbert, firmly.

"Excuse you when we're going to drink the health of the host and hostess! How can we? Come, fill up his glass!" said Smallgrace.

"Eh, fill up his glass," said two or three together.

Herbert felt sorry that his total abstinence principle should thus bring him into collision with the other guests. But so it ever must be with those who are not willing to swim with the stream of custom just because it is custom. He had sincerely tried to make himself agreeable and

friendly towards them all, but his conviction was very firm that drinking port with the rest would in no way promote the health of their hosts. He therefore said—

“I am sure neither Mr. nor Mrs. Young will believe me wanting in respect to them because I decline this particular way of expressing it.”

“Hear, hear!” said Pindar, who seemed now to have formed an open alliance with Herbert, so frequently did he take his side. And “Hear, hear!” said Uncle Ben also, who certainly wished no one to violate his conscience in expressing goodwill to him.

We have seen many pictures and read many stories of those wonderful times of yore, when the baron and his retainers gathered round the festive board, and made such great gluttons of themselves. In Haddon Hall, Derbyshire, a fine specimen of a nobleman’s residence of a bygone age, as the adjacent Chatsworth is of the present time, there is a ring or handcuff fastened up in the wall of the dining-hall, about six feet from the ground, which was used for the following purpose. It sometimes happened that a guest of unusually temperate habits would object to drink his full allowance of beer, whereupon his wrist was fastened up to the ring, and the remainder of the beer poured down his sleeve—that is, if he objected to take the beer down his throat, he was forced to let it run down his body, in a very uncomfortable manner, into his boots.

It seems to us that the custom of drinking the health of those we wish to compliment is a relic of these half-barbarous times. The words, “Here’s all your very good healths I wish,” have the sound of the rough and rude

ages about them. And now they are too often the accompaniment of drinking and guzzling, such as is far from conducive to the health of any. In many instances they mean waste and drunkenness, followed not by health and plenty, but by disease, scarcity, and misery.

But we must come back to Uncle Ben's party. After the little interlude to which we have referred, the piano was called into service. Song after song was sung, the company joining loudly in the choruses. The bottles were emptied with extraordinary rapidity. With the consumption of the liquor there was a corresponding increase in the noise and uproar which prevailed, until Uncle Ben began to question the gentlemanly behaviour of his guests.

Just at this time Smallgrace, apparently by accident, allowed a pack of well-used cards to fall out of his pocket, which, as soon as they were seen, led some of the young men to cry out, "Cards! cards! let's have the cards!"

Smallgrace was not slow to take up the demand. He soon arranged the matter among his companions, and then there was a hush to watch the progress of the game. Money to rather heavy amounts was staked upon the result. There was very reckless play on the part of some, the drink having unfitted them for exercising proper care; but Smallgrace bent his mind steadily to the business, and it soon became plain that he would win.

At this Sherwood began to be uneasy, and presently he insinuated that some unfairness was taking place. But Smallgrace played on, not heeding what was said. It was astonishing to see the eagerness which was now displayed. It was easy to detect who were losing, as the hand of one

and another went up to the burning brow. Uncle Ben was grieved that he had been led to admit a lot of gamblers, and his wife lifted up her hands in horror at the sight. Herbert had some time before become disgusted with a party so utterly unsuited to his taste, and had gone home. George was deeply sorry that his friends had not succeeded in keeping the better side of their character uppermost. But there they were. It was midnight. The bottles were all empty now, for they had not ceased to drink when they began to play. A few minutes more, and the game was finished. The stakes, in some instances consisting of nearly all the spare cash the players possessed, were swept by Smallgrace into his own pocket.

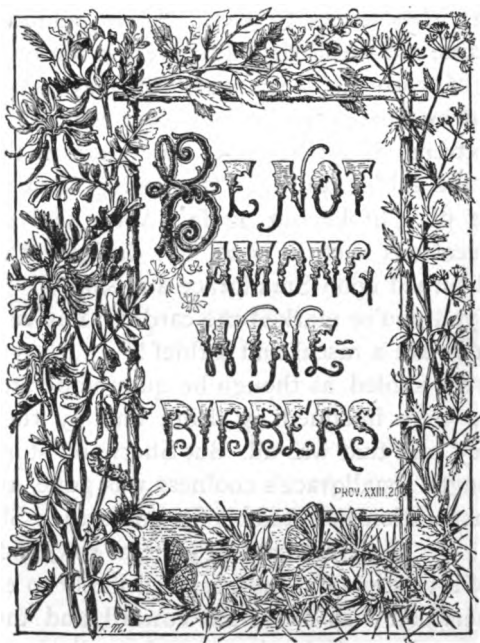
With extreme disappointment and vexation the losers rose from the table; and then the feeling, kept in check during the play, broke out again. With loud swearing and imprecations such as shall not disfigure this page, Sherwood turned upon Smallgrace and said—

“I tell you you’ve marked the cards! You’ve cheated us all! You are a rascal and a thief!”

Smallgrace smiled, as though he quite understood that the others were inflamed by drink and by the loss of their money, and that was all. But Sherwood stormed on, until at length Smallgrace’s coolness was gone, and then, full of exasperation, he lifted his fist and struck Sherwood a heavy blow. There was now a general row, and consequences of a very painful kind seemed likely to ensue.

But Sherwood was an arrant coward, and though he still threatened much in the way of retaliation, his opponent knew well that from him there was not much to fear. Smallgrace recovered his temper almost immediately,

and in his own adroit manner he managed to stroke down the ruffled tempers of his friends. Then, such are the strange freaks of half-drunken men, before they could be persuaded to take their departure, they shook hands with one another, and sang, for the special honour of Uncle Ben, the song entitled, "For he's a jolly good fellow."





CHAPTER XI.

HERBERT STANTON IS MADE A JUDGE.

BOTH the good and the bad find unexpected helpers. Often with great fear a youth sets out on a good way resolved to try, but almost sure he will fail ; soon, however, he finds that there are a multitude of friendly forces which close in upon him, and, like the favourable breezes which fill the sails of the ships, speed him on his way. The Lord's yoke becomes easy and His burden light, not only because there is an increasing willingness, as there is also an increasing strength to bear them, but because there are a thousand loving hands, human, angelic, or divine, which seem to come and almost bear for him the burden he thought to have carried alone.

So, again, when a young man sets out upon a bad way, a few steps are in most cases all that are intended. He thinks it will suit his purpose, or at least he will get no harm if he goes just so far, and then he will quickly return. But he soon finds the retracing of his steps is not so easy as he anticipated. There are a multitude of evil forces which close in upon him, which almost block

up the path of retreat, and push him forward in the course of wickedness.

The young men who are the subjects of our sketch, may be taken in illustration of these remarks.

One of the unlooked-for helps which Herbert Stanton found came from John Pindar. We have already seen that on more than one occasion this young man had interposed between Herbert and his persecutors. Why he had done so was as much a wonder to himself as to Herbert. He certainly had never before been a champion of the right. Careless and yielding in disposition, he was accustomed to take his pattern from the company in which he was placed ; and unfortunately he had not as yet found companions likely to improve him. He was not like the seal to impress, but rather like the wax to receive the impression.

Still there was a kindliness and generosity in Pindar which widely distinguished his character from that of Sherwood, the one who, perhaps, had obtained the most influence over him.

It was in one of the later years of Herbert Stanton's apprenticeship, when he had once more manfully withstood one of those assaults from his shopmates, which did not occur so often now, that John Pindar said to him—

“Stanton, you really puzzle me.”

“Indeed ! how is that ?”

“Well, you are so patient with these fellows : you don't yield to them, and you don't even get vexed with them.”

“Do you think I ought to yield to them ?”

"No, certainly not."

"Then, do you think I ought to get vexed with them?"

"No, but I wonder how you avoid it."

"Ah, Pindar, you forget that every Christian has the power to say as St. Paul said, 'I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me.' If I were to yield even in temper, I should consider myself overcome; but as it is, I am thankful to know they are defeated, and I am the conqueror."

"You are right, Stanton; I know you have beaten them, for I have heard them confess it, and, what is more, I should like to acknowledge that even more fully you have conquered me too. You are younger than I, and yet older—that is, you are older in your experience of Christian truth; for while you have plainly been a disciple of Jesus for years, I, to my shame, have to confess that even now I know Him not. And therefore I do not demean myself when I ask you to help me to learn of Jesus as you have done. Lead me, my friend, to the same Saviour you have found, and help me to get the strength you have so wonderfully displayed."

And in that great shop, during a lull in the business of the day, and while the two were quietly attending to the duties they had in hand, standing by the counter there the young men talked earnestly about the faith which bringeth pardon to the soul, and presently the look of the penitent one was directed to Him who in the mart, and in the home, and in the sanctuary is equally near, and equally waiting to save.

Herbert's coming to Manchester House seemed to John

Pindar to have been nothing less than the coming of an apostle of light and salvation. Speaking long afterwards of the event to Herbert's father, he said—

"I looked at the lad bravely standing out against the chaff and raillery of Sherwood, doing what not another in the place dare do—for we were all afraid of Sherwood—and I thought, Well, we've got a bird of another feather now amongst us. And first I felt glad that he had come to be a match for Sherwood, and then I felt very sorry for himself, for I knew what sort of a life he would have among us for a time. And then I said, yes, but it won't last. He will never hold out against such a lot of fellows as we are, and I determined I would watch him. But, sir, there was nothing of the turncoat or the weathercock about him. He stuck to his principles like a martyr; and, I believe, like a martyr he would have died for them—only the Lord wanted him rather to live for them, which, perhaps, is almost as hard. And I admired him so much that I couldn't help putting in a word to defend him. Why, you may think it's strange when I say it, but it's true all the same, that Herbert Stanton was the first real Christian I ever had to do with. I had even wondered whether there were such people as the New Testament and the preacher talk about so beautifully. I knew plenty who called themselves High Churchmen or Low Churchmen, Independents and Baptists, and Methodists as well, but they were too much like the rest of the wicked world to be any credit to religion. But this lad, why, he was just a burning and shining light as a Christian ought to be, and I began to be drawn to the light as soon as I saw it."

In the brief narrative we have attempted we have scarcely been able to exhibit Herbert Stanton otherwise than in his conflicts with his careless and irreligious shopmates. We would not, however, give the impression that he was constantly engaged in such encounters as these. On the contrary, as the time went on he found himself rising in the confidence and esteem of all about him.

The trials of his principles were frequent enough, but the sweet compensations of his faithfulness came frequently too. It was not a small delight which he felt when John Pindar was won. It happened also about this time that a united tribute of honour was given to him.

There was a custom in Manchester House, common in many large establishments, of allowing the assistants small premiums of a farthing, a halfpenny, or a penny per yard upon some of the articles sold. And of course the number of these little commissions gained during a month sometimes added materially to the salary due. Financial interests come closely home to all. But if to any more than others, perhaps, it is to the young men of our shops and warehouses, to whom a few pounds more or less a year makes the difference between a shabby coat and a good one, between poverty and comparative affluence.

It will be quite understood, then, that in Manchester House there was as much talk and as much dispute about these premiums—which it may be mentioned in passing were known to the assistants as "spifs"—as, perhaps, about any other, or all other, things beside. On this occasion a quarrel had arisen about these spifs, the particulars of

which it is needless to give beyond the simple statement that two young men laid claim to certain premiums on the ground that they had both assisted in serving a particular customer. And as might have been expected, one of the contending parties was Sherwood.

The claims of the two were earnestly discussed throughout the shop, until, by-and-by, two factions existed who warmly supported their favourites and threatened to settle the matter in anything but legal fashion. The dispute came to the ears of Mr. Sharp, as almost every other thing happening about the place did somehow, who quickly took the matter up, and even thought it serious enough to mention to Mr. Fletcher. And then an inquiry took place in "the carpet room," which was not the room in which the carpets were stored, as one might suppose from the name by which it was commonly known among the assistants, but that very office-parlour well known to the young men of our story. To be called into the carpet room was not, as a rule, considered a desirable thing, but rather as boding ill to the one who was cited to appear.

There was great excitement in the place on the evening when Mr. Fletcher and Mr. Sharp sat in the carpet room and called one after another to give evidence before them.

The young men contradicted one another to such a degree that there seemed but little hope of settling the matter, excepting by dismissing some of them. Just then, however, a new plan suggested itself to the kind heart of Mr. Fletcher.

At the close of the day he called all together, and said,

"We find the statements made to us so hopelessly at variance that we cannot reconcile them, and therefore cannot get at the truth. We are reluctant to resort to the severe measure of throwing several out of their situations; we wish, therefore, to ask you whether there is not one amongst you in whom you have sufficient trust to refer the matter to him, and let his decision be final."

Immediately the name "Stanton!" "Stanton!" was called by one and another.

Mr. Fletcher was surprised to hear that name, remembering that it was but the name of an apprentice; but it was soon found that there was such a general confidence in the judgment and fairness of Herbert, and such a concurrence of respect for him, that there was no difficulty in committing the matter to his decision.

And so it came to pass that before the years of his apprenticeship were completed, Herbert Stanton was made a judge among his fellows, and this by their own choice and desire.

Not only did Herbert possess great honesty as one qualification for his task, but it appeared that he was at hand when the transaction occurred about which the dispute had arisen.

It was not long, therefore, before he gave his decision, which, as the reader will almost anticipate, was not in favour of the lying and cowardly Sherwood.





CHAPTER XII.

IN THE HANDS OF THE POLICE.

"GEORGE, are you going with me this evening?" said Herbert Stanton to George Dale, as the two turned away from the shop at closing-time.

"Well, no, you must please excuse me this time, I've another engagement," said George, as he took from his pocket a fancy pipe, and proceeded to charge it with tobacco.

"Indeed, I'm sorry ; I see no reason why I should be deprived of your company as I have been of late. You are quite forsaking me, George. But if you won't come with me, perhaps you will allow me for once to go with you."

"You can come if you like, Herbert ; but I'm afraid you won't care to accompany me."

"Perhaps not," said Herbert, as he looked into his old companion's face, which was not without some sign of shame ; "however, I'll walk with you at least a little way." And the two set off together.

There was but little chance of conversation along the

crowded thoroughfares, and on George's part no disposition for it. Away along the streets they went, threading their path among the people, sometimes on the pavement, and then stepping upon the broad carriage-way that they might get more quickly on, George all the while taking the lead, while Herbert held to his arm. Soon they had got clear of the shops and warehouses, and had entered upon another part of the town—a part abounding with music-halls, circuses, and theatres. Refreshment houses of every grade were all there, whether called coffee-houses, restaurants, or cafés. They were just beginning the real business of the day, though it was nearly eight o'clock at night. And at every corner were the monster gin-palaces, all dazzling with shining brass without and blazing gas within.

The streets were thronged with vehicles driving quickly to the doors of the different places of amusement, setting down their loads of gay company, and then away again. And along the pavement were crowds of people both old and young—some whose faces told too plainly of a long course of sin, and some who, with all the exuberance of youth, were but just beginning to soil their spirits and to degrade their lives with the defiling pleasures to which they were hastening. There were countenances as fresh and as innocent as the blushing morn, and there were others as dark and as wicked as hell itself.

From alleys and by-streets near at hand there came forth women who had lost all the purity and glory of womanhood, and shamelessly flaunted themselves amid the crowd. This was the neighbourhood in which all the

crime, the vileness, and violence of the great town seemed to gather to a head and unblushingly proclaim itself. One seething, sickening, saddening sight.

"Oh, George, I am sure there is no good for us here ; let us turn away !" said Herbert, entreatingly, to his companion.

"We are nearly there now," was George's reply.

And in another moment they had turned out of the broad street, and down one of the many sideways, and there they found a low court, or entry, over which a big red lamp flickered and flared as the gusty wind allowed. Up this narrow entry they passed, and then they stood at the door of an old tavern, hidden away thus in a sort of courtyard.

"The Blue Bell" tavern was one of those "snug" houses which do an immense business on account of their very obscurity. It had a name for being quiet and out of the way, and was well known as a resort of countermen and warehousemen from the business part of the town.

There were lights in the windows both upstairs and down, and as the two young men came near they heard the noise of many voices from within, talking, bawling, swearing, singing—a very Babel of senseless speech such as only the accursed drink can excite.

Herbert shuddered as he heard the sounds, and grasping the arm of his fellow-apprentice, he said—

"Don't, George, let me beg of you ; don't go in there !"

"But I must. I have promised to meet a friend here to-night."

"He is no friend of yours who asks you here. Listen

to another friend, a tried friend, who implores you to come away!"

And George withdrew his foot from the step, and allowed himself to be led out of the entry and back for a little distance along the street. Herbert began to hope that he might rescue him yet. But, alas! the hope was blighted as soon as it was born. Loosening himself from Herbert's hold, he said—

"You must excuse me to-night; I must keep my engagement."

And without another word he slipped away. Like a poor moth that has flown off for a moment from the dazzling flame, he came back again. Under the big red lamp he passed once more, and into "The Blue Bell." Soon he joined a company of men—mostly young, a score or more—who were sitting at tables with glasses before them, engaged in a loud discussion of the merits of certain horses which were to run in an approaching race.

"Hurrah, here's our performer at last," said one, and they clapped their hands as George took his place among them.

"Why, old fellow, where have you been? We began to fear you couldn't come," said Edward Smallgrace, who was one of the set. George tried to smile, and to excuse himself for being late; but he could not say much, for it was not easy to drive from his mind Herbert's words, "He is no friend of yours who asks you here." However, he was soon persuaded to take drink with the rest, and presently the smitings of his conscience were stayed.

There was a pianoforte in the room which George had

many times fingered before; for publicans find that fifty or sixty pounds spent in a good instrument are nowadays by no means thrown away. And they find also that it is worth their while to pet and flatter the men who can play skilfully thereupon; as the keeper of "The Blue Bell" had not failed to do in the case of George Dale.

"Come, Dale, we are waiting for some music," said a rollicking fellow sitting in one corner.

So George took his seat at the pianoforte, and played a piécé in such dashing style, that when it was finished he received a perfect storm of applause.

By-and-by some one announced that Mr. Smallgrace would favour the company with a song. And that gentleman at once stood up by the instrument, and began to sing a song which was evidently a favourite of all present, because they joined in the chorus with such a gusto that for a moment they failed to notice that while they sang two policemen had entered the room. As soon as the presence of these officers was perceived, there was a look of astonishment on every face, excepting Smallgrace's, who coolly turned to the policemen and said—

"What do you want here?"

"Your name is Smallgrace, I believe?"

"Yes, it is."

"Then we want you," showing him a warrant, and at the same time seizing him by the collar, while the other took from his pocket a pair of handcuffs, and proceeded to fasten them on his wrists.

There was an extreme change in Smallgrace's coun-

tenance as he began, after a moment or two, to realise his position. In vain did he protest, and in vain did his friends urge that there must be some mistake. The policemen proceeded sternly with their duty. They led forth their man from the tavern, choosing the quieter streets, until at length he was taken from the view of the crowd which had followed to the station-house, searched, and locked within a dismal cell. Here he was left to his own sad reflections.

And what of George? In the bewilderment of the moment George scarcely knew what to do. But quickly recovering himself, and while all eyes were fixed upon Smallgrace, just being marched off by the policemen, he caught up his hat and his overcoat, and in breathless haste proceeded along the back streets until he found a way out of the town.

That night Uncle Ben and his wife waited long after the accustomed hour, but their nephew did not come home. The hour of midnight had long passed, and yet he did not come.

With that strange suspicion which is often felt by people under such circumstances, Mrs. Young said to her husband—

“Ben, lend me your keys.”

Having got them she went upstairs, followed by her worthy partner. She opened a drawer in which Uncle Ben kept his private papers, and what he called his bank cash-box, not the one he used every day in the shop. The papers were there undisturbed. The cash-box was there. They opened it. All the money—over a hundred pounds—was gone!



CHAPTER XIII.

A MIDNIGHT FLIGHT.

THE theatres and music-halls were in the midst of their performances, and the business of the public-houses and refreshment saloons was at full tide, when George Dale fled from their neighbourhood, impelled by an almost insupportable dread. The clock of a suburban church struck ten as he hurriedly passed by, and every stroke of the great bell seemed an awful knell telling out to the world the sad story of his disgrace. Forward still he pressed, until at length he found himself upon one of the highways, with the open country on either side.

It was a night in the fall of the year, cold and wild. The strong wind tore the thick black clouds into tatters, while it drove them onward in its rage. Now and then the moon shone out from her obscurity, and cast a fitful gleam upon the scene, giving George to see for a little distance forward the road upon which he was a solitary traveller. It was wonderful what a rapid pace he maintained for a considerable distance; passing one milestone and then another in quick succession, and venturing but

seldom to look back across his shoulder to assure himself that he was not pursued. He had all the road to himself, meeting no one, and overtaking no one. Occasionally he came to a solitary house by the wayside, but the blinds were down, and the inmates at rest. Only a dog would at times give a growl and a bark as he heard the approaching footsteps, and then would lay himself down again as the sounds died away.

Strange as it may seem, George had travelled a long distance before he thought of the question whither he was bound ; for as yet his only aim had been to get away from the town.

What was it, then, that had led him unconsciously to choose this road of all the others which opened out from the scene of his recent folly ? This road he could not but see, when he allowed himself to notice at all, was the way to Cherryton, and the poor youth was fast approaching his mother's home.

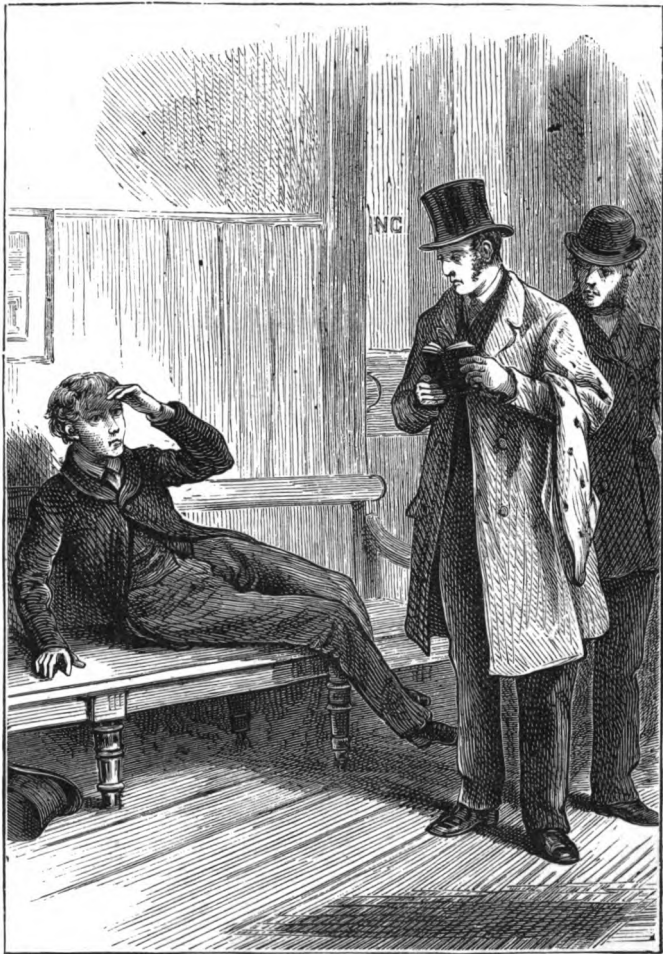
About an hour after midnight he arrived at the top of the hill which overlooked his native place. There was not a single light to be seen. All was dark and still—and yet not so dark but that he could plainly see the village church on the hillside, where was his father's grave ; and not so still but that he could hear, beside the moaning of the wind among the elms, the rush of the stream which ran unceasingly by the old mill in the valley, the dim outline of which, with his mother's house close by, he could also just discern.

George stood on the hill, tired with his walk, and longing to find a shelter with those who now, all unconscious of his nearness to them, were sleeping in that

dear old home. Leaning against a gate, he passed his hand over his brow and tried to think what best to do. His first thought was to go at once to his mother, tell his trouble, and ask her advice ; but he feared to do this, for he remembered that in a few hours more the news of what had occurred would in all likelihood be brought to Cherryton, and perhaps a warrant for his apprehension as well. No ; he would not be taken from his mother's home, and under his mother's eye. Under such circumstances he dare not face the relations and friends who in a little time would be leaving their beds in the village at his feet. He therefore set off again by a road he knew well, which, turning to the right, led him clear of Cherryton ; intending to reach, if possible, a small town about six miles further, from whence he could take the train to the nearest seaport. It was a bitter regret which the fugitive felt when thus compelled to turn his back upon his mother's home. And as he traced this road, travelled scores of times in childhood's days, the remembrance of those happy times gave to the upbraidings of conscience an additional sting.

Away, away he went, not so quickly now, for his limbs began to fail with their unusual exercise. By-and-by, however, he succeeded in reaching the place he had set out for, and found himself in time for the early train.

The journey was not a very long one, but by the time he stepped upon the platform of one of the great stations belonging to the seaport, the new day had run a course of many hours. Newsboys plied their useful trade, porters with great barrow-loads of luggage demanded leave to pass, hundreds of people elbowed one another in



*"George looked at the detectives as if he would ask what right they
had to demand his name."*

p. 118.

going to and from the trains—all apparently had some business in hand upon which they were intent. George only was there without a business, or a definite purpose of any kind, except by some means, he knew not how, to get out of the reach of any who might pursue. He had not been able to sleep while in the train, nor had he broken his fast since the previous night, and now he felt so hungry and so tired that he knew not how to move. Having, therefore, purchased some food in the refreshment-room, he took it with him, and finding an empty waiting-room, he sat down there and partook of his meal. There he stretched himself upon the hard seat, and was soon fast asleep.

In these days, when by means of the electric telegraph the most distant places are brought within whispering distance of each other, it is becoming exceedingly difficult for those who are most skilful in forming their plans, to escape beyond the reach of English law. But George had formed no plan whatever. He had simply rushed away, not knowing whither; only he had the vague idea that by coming to this place he would have the chance of getting on shipboard, and so over the seas.

George had been noticed in the room by an official soon after he laid himself down. But he had slept some hours when two men, who were policemen in plain clothes, came into the room and began to examine him. The one held a pocket-book in his hand from which he read, in a whisper, what appeared to be a description of some one for whom they were in search.

“Between nineteen and twenty years of age,” said the first.

"Right," said the second.

"Black hair."

"Right."

"Dark mixture coat and vest."

"Right."

"Striped trousers."

"Right."

"Why, bless me, he must be a greeny!" said the first detective, "for he hasn't even had the sense to change his clothes." And he spoke as though he were offended at being permitted to make such an easy capture.

It had not taken many minutes thus to inspect the sleeping youth, but the result seemed quite satisfactory to the men.

"Come, young fellow, we can't wait here all day," said one of them, as he shook George by the shoulder.

George awoke with a start, and said, "Who is it? What is the matter?"

"Nay, nay, we want to know who you are, and what has brought you here."

George looked at the detectives as if he would ask what right they had to demand his name.

"We are officers of the law, and want to know who you are," said one.

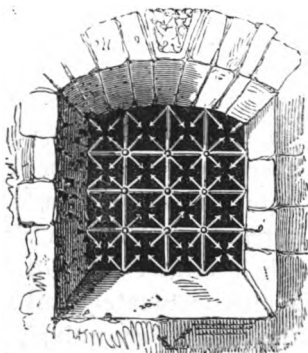
"My name is——" George hesitated whether he should give his real name or another.

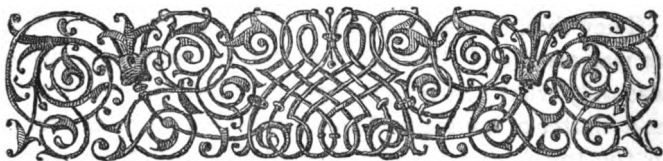
"Come," said the detective who had just spoken, "perhaps we can help you to remember—isn't it George Dale, think you?"

It was no use parrying with these sharp men, so he at once acknowledged his identity.

"Well, sir, you are perhaps rested now after your journey here, so you will be ready to travel back again."

They then formally read to him the charge upon which he was arrested. George protested his innocence, which was only what nearly every prisoner did, and was treated as a matter of course, and in a few hours more he arrived in the town from whence he had fled only the previous night. He was in charge of one of the detectives, and by him was safely delivered to the authorities to await his trial.





CHAPTER XIV.

FOUND GUILTY.

THERE was no small stir in the neighbourhood of Manchester House when it became known that Edward Smallgrace and George Dale were in custody. Some, speaking in reference to Smallgrace, declared that they were utterly astonished. Others, and among these were some of his best friends, said it was what they had expected all along. A few were sorry for him, and spoke of his generosity, but most said it was easy to be lavish with other people's money, and as for them they had no pity at all. George was handled more kindly, for all seemed agreed in regarding him as a victim of the elder prisoner. After their formal committal by the magistrates, the young men fortunately had not to wait long for their trial; and while they waited, George was admitted to bail, a privilege denied to his companion. The day came at length, and great was the excitement and the speculation both among the friends and the enemies of the young men as to what the result would be.

There was the judge seated under a canopy sur-

mounted by the Queen's coat of arms. At a large table before the judge were seated the barristers. Two or three of them were interested in the case, and gave attention to it, but most of them either read newspapers or books, or laughed and chatted to each other as though nothing of the slightest moment to any one were taking place.

The jury occupied seats to the left of the judge; and the back part of the court was given up to spectators, who were now assembled in large numbers. Almost in the centre was the dock in which the prisoners stood, guarded by two policemen. Smallgrace bore himself with all the impudence of a hardened scoundrel, and it was reported in the court that if convicted he had threatened to throw his shoe at the judge. George, on the contrary, was deeply pained with his position, and wept.

Smallgrace was charged with embezzlement from his employers, and also with being concerned in the robbery of £120, belonging to one Mr. Benjamin Young. George was charged with being an accomplice. From the evidence of the witnesses it appeared that it had been part of the duty of Smallgrace to keep books and to collect accounts. Great confidence had been placed in him, and considerable sums of money every week passed through his hands. It was known that he was rather extravagant in dress and other matters, but all this his employers attributed to the indulgence of his rich uncle. They had not suspected him of dishonesty.

By an elaborate system of falsification he had succeeded, however, at many different times, in appro-

Manchester.

I

priating to his own use various sums of money, the full amount of which could not now be ascertained, but certainly not less than £500.

The discovery had occurred almost by accident. An error was found in the accounts, which led to extended inquiry; and just at the same time a rumour had come to the ears of his employers that Smallgrace was carefully preparing for a voyage abroad. The whole affair had come to light most suddenly, but most opportunely.

There was some difficulty as to the money stolen from Mr. Young. At first George only was suspected, but afterwards there appeared reason to believe that the robbery was actually committed by Smallgrace. However, it was proved that Smallgrace was at the house the evening before the theft was discovered, and that he had had access to the room where the money was.

The evidence against George consisted in the fact that he had been seen of late very much in the company of the other prisoner, and also that certain confidential notes written by George had been found in possession of Smallgrace. The latest of these, written on the day of the first arrest, made reference to an intended flight, spoke of meeting Smallgrace at "The Blue Bell" that evening, and also of being ready to proceed with him early the next morning.

All this pointed to a guilty knowledge on the part of George. And yet the evidence was scarcely sufficient to support a conviction. George himself, though urged by his friends, had not as yet given any explanation. He had simply asserted his innocence. At last, by one of those strange changes by which companions in sin are

brought to condemn each other, it was decided by the Court that George should be discharged and placed in the witness-box to give evidence against his companion Smallgrace.

A very important-looking barrister in wig and gown, and holding a brief in his hands, addressed George and said—

“Now, tell us, Dale, how you came to know the prisoner Smallgrace.”

And George told the circumstances of their first acquaintance as they are known to the reader.

“Did the prisoner ever state to you his intention to go to Australia, and invite you to go with him?”

George hung his head and appeared reluctant to answer.

“Come, you must tell us all the facts just as they occurred.”

“I must admit, then, that some time ago the prisoner did his best to make me dissatisfied with my situation. He also urged me to accompany him to Australia, and promised to pay all my expenses.”

“And you consented to go?”

“Yes.”

“And did you know that the money required to pay expenses was stolen? Now, remember, you are on your oath!”

“I can truthfully declare I did not.”

Here there was a loud sigh of relief, which came from a little company of spectators, among whom were George's mother, Uncle Ben, Herbert Stanton, and his father.

"Now, tell us what you know about the robbery from Mr. Young," continued the learned counsel.

And George declared that of the robbery itself he knew nothing, only he remembered that at different times Smallgrace had asked him questions about his uncle's methods of business—whether he took his money to bank every week, and where he kept his money in the house, and similar questions, which did not excite his suspicion at the time, but which now left no doubt that he had actually taken the money, particularly as George was able to add the evidence that he had seen Smallgrace in the room on the very last evening he was in the house.

The confession in reference to the intended flight was very humiliating to George, as showing how entirely he had surrendered himself to his base companions.

On the evening they were together at "The Blue Bell," they had arranged to pass a few hours as usual with a number of dissipated and worthless men whom they called their friends.

Soon after midnight, indeed at the very time George was tramping his weary way alone in the neighbourhood of Cherryton, they had arranged that a conveyance should take them to a town about ten miles away, at which place they would join the train to the port from whence they expected to sail that very day; the ship being chosen, and the berths secured. Their plans, therefore, had been frustrated at a very timely moment.

The jury was not long in deciding upon a verdict of guilty, the announcement of which Smallgrace seemed to receive with the utmost indifference. The judge

addressed to him a few words expressive of his regret in having to sentence so young a man, and one who had had such a fair opportunity of an honourable career, and then he told him he would be kept in penal servitude for three years.

With the greatest effrontery Smallgrace said—

“Thank you, my lord.”

But he had no opportunity of throwing the shoe, for immediately the sentence was pronounced the two policemen held him firmly by each arm, and led him away to the cells below.





CHAPTER XV.

HERBERT AND GEORGE OUT OF THEIR TIME.

THE seven years of the apprenticeship were over—seven years of earnest existence, which formed in themselves a little lifetime. Herbert Stanton and George Dale entered upon the period scarcely more than children. They had lived in the charmed world of early life. The experience they had gained was only that of the mother's fireside, the playground, and the school. In Manchester House they were first brought face to face with the stern facts of our worldly lot. That they found these seven years a long time we have seen ; indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise. The period between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one must appear long to most young men, because it is the period in which youthful impatience is the greatest, and in which it must nevertheless submit to constant restraint and instruction. The colt does not take to the harness naturally: there must be much curbing and chafing and stroking before it is brought to draw steadily the waggon or the plough. Few young men fit themselves perfectly to the harness of business

life, or find it to fit them all at once. The young strength which has hitherto been spent in the free sports of boyhood, seldom yokes itself submissively to the manufacturing or the commercial mill. There is a long trial time, in which youthful power must painfully learn to direct itself to useful ends. We have seen a few, only a few, of the events which transpired during the apprenticeship of these two young men. Though the seven years are passed, our readers will have some curiosity as to the future of those who have played their part upon our little stage. Let us then pass to the end of twice seven years more. Great changes had taken place. Manchester House lost one of its masters. The energetic Mr. Sharp finished his life as might almost have been predicted. He was in the midst of business, arranging, ordering, bustling and hurrying one day—hushed in the stillness of death the next. The doctors said heart-disease had cut short his life; and they were doubtless right. Mr. Sharp's sacrificing all other matters to "business," was his one great mistake. It rendered him a fretful, restless mortal at all times, giving every one the fidgets who came near him. His consuming passion was to "turn over" his money, and he came to care nothing whose interests gave way if only he might secure his own. And as far as his shortened life would allow, he reaped a harvest according to the seed sown. He got money, but nothing else—no honour from his servants, no blessings from the poor, no treasure of human sympathies, no sweet remembrances of good works done to men and reckoned as done to the Lord. Manchester House gained another master, and Herbert Stanton was

his name. Mr. Fletcher had become an old man. He had been trying for years to shift the burden of the business from his own shoulders to others, but had only partially succeeded; and when the sudden death of Mr. Sharp occurred, he was obliged to exchange his quiet residence in the country for the busy shop in the town much oftener than he cared to do. He had no son to succeed him; but he had daughters on whose behalf he wished to preserve his interest in the concern. From the time Mr. Fletcher saw Herbert Stanton chosen by his shopmates to be a judge, he formed the purpose of still further exalting him to honour. Step by step after completing his apprenticeship the young man was raised, always proving himself equal to his position. No one recognised his merit more than those who were employed by his side. And when, after the death of Mr. Sharp, Herbert was called once more into "the carpet room," and received Mr. Fletcher's proposal to become a partner in the business on very advantageous terms, it was no small joy to him to find afterwards that his fellow-servants thoroughly approved the choice.

It had been previously rumoured in the establishment that Herbert might have married one of Mr. Fletcher's daughters had he been drawn in that direction, and there was truth in the rumour; but Herbert had preferred to unite himself with a very worthy young lady, chosen from among "his own people" in the church and school in which he was brought up. It was a dear, cosy little home which Herbert now possessed; and the feeling of thankful delight with which he entered it on the day of Mr. Fletcher's proposal was made may be imagined.



"No, I can't put my hat and coat off. I must go and tell the dear ones at home yonder ; so put on your bonnet and go with me." p. 131.

"Susie, where are you?" he called with a loud voice, as he crossed the threshold. "I've news for you!"

His dear wife was startled as she sat by the fireside, expecting her husband's return; and she answered, "I'm here. What is the matter?" at the same time bounding to meet him.

"Matter! Why, I'm a master of Manchester House, that's all! and that ought to be enough at once, you dear, precious——" But what the conclusion of the sentence was cannot be told, for it was lost in a bombardment of kisses which just then began. "No, I can't put my hat and coat off. I must go and tell the dear ones at home yonder; so put on your bonnet and go with me."

And then, in company with his wife, Herbert went to bear the tidings of his advancement to his father and mother. The eyes of the dear old people filled with joyful tears as they listened to Herbert's account, and then with faltering voice, Mr. Stanton said—

"I did not think when I took you into that big place so many years ago, and sat waiting with you in that strange-looking parlour, that I'd live to see you a master in the concern. I've always had a longing to see you make something of yourself, as you well know; and I like the Welshman's motto, 'Let every lad be better than his dad.' I've tried to give you a chance of doing well, but, by God's mercy, you've gone beyond anything I ever dreamed. I look upon it as the reward which God has made to follow upon your endeavours to walk uprightly. It would scarcely be suitable that I should begin to advise you again just now. If I say a word, it shall only be this: Don't let your change of position

work any change in your character, my lad. That you've been a good servant is my best hope that you'll be a good master."

"Father," said Herbert, "I hope you will give me the benefit of your advice as long as you live ; for the best blessing, next to the gift of a Saviour, that I have enjoyed, has been in my parents' wisdom and in my parents' love."

Herbert became a model Christian tradesman. We once heard a merchant say he considered it almost impossible nowadays to be in business and yet be a Christian. That it is difficult no one will dispute. The cross has still to be carried by those who follow Christ. And many, instead of bravely bearing it up, cowardly throw it down. But it is not impossible to be a Christian business man. The number is not so great as it should be, but there are thousands of them to-day. They well know that there are many paltry advantages which their ungodly competitors will take, but which they must forego. Their Christianity may in some cases cost them hundreds of pounds a year. For the accumulation of riches, though we trust in most instances the reward of care, tact, diligence, and perseverance, and so a sign of honour to those who possess them, is nevertheless not always so. Many men would have been less wealthy had they been more godly. A Christian tradesman must at times give up much that he may be a Christian still. But there are compensations even here. For "godliness is profitable unto all things, having promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come." Herbert found it so. If crooked paths had received any sanction

from Mr. Sharp, they received none from him. He knew how to combine diligence in business with spiritual fervency—not making religion the excuse for slovenliness, unpunctuality, and incompetency in worldly affairs, nor, on the other hand, allowing business to interfere with religious duties and Christian charities. He fearlessly avowed the side he had chosen, and in the office of Sunday-school superintendent exerted himself constantly in the work of the Christian Church, not unfrequently passing from the shop when the day's toils were over, to visit aged disciples, and to encourage or reclaim the wavering and the wandering ones among the cottages of the poor. Many of those employed in Manchester House were drawn by him into the Church, and delighted to have his example daily before them. Those who saw him most, and knew him best, were the readiest to acknowledge and to honour his Christian character.

Sherwood remained still in the establishment, and indeed seemed to be one of the fixtures there. Whoever came to the shop expected to find him, just as they expected to find the place itself. Sherwood had one strong point—he was a good salesman. Possessing an obliging, attractive manner with customers, he somehow always managed to please them. There was no other good quality, as his employers and shopmates well knew. Many times through his carelessness his situation was endangered; and not seldom it was Herbert's intercession which saved him.

Herbert was called upon to exercise the Christian virtue of forgiveness towards none so much as towards him. Herbert would like to have had a bad memory in

this particular case ; but as he could not give himself one, he was obliged to have the recollection of the early difficulties which were caused by this man. But he forgot these injuries in the best way, namely, by acting towards Sherwood as though they had never occurred. Trying the apostolic "coals of fire," he found them to answer well.

When Smallgrace was sent to gaol and George Dale was acquitted, there still remained to the latter the disgrace of the whole affair. The masters of Manchester House at first refused to receive George back again. But his poor mother came, accompanied by Uncle Ben, and their intercession availed at length to bring him into his old place. But it was a hard time he had to spend ; for he was painfully conscious of the suspicion with which he was regarded both by masters and men. At the expiration of the seven years, George obtained a situation in another establishment ; and for a time tried hard to win for himself a better character. He could always count upon one helpful influence, in addition to that which came from the thought of his mother and friends, namely, the ready sympathy which the Stantons always showed to him. At their house there was still a home for him, and he was encouraged to avail himself of it.

Once or twice in this story mention has been made of Mary Stanton, who bore a humble and unobtrusive part in this household. Very precious to father and mother was Mary, for she was an only daughter, as Herbert was an only son. We need not try to account for it, but have simply to relate the fact that for a long time George had loved Mary, and Mary had loved George. And yet

there had been no avowal between the two, beyond those little acts of attention and kindly interest which may, or may not, mean something deeper still. Had the plan of Smallgrace and George succeeded, it is likely that George and Mary would have parted then, never to see each other again. It was a very natural circumstance, then, that as George did not go away, and as his love grew with his years, he should at last express it to Mary in the gentlest way. Of course Mary was ready to accept him notwithstanding that he had no prospects that were worth the mention ; for she believed that somehow they could make their own prospects, and work out their own well-being. So George took the first opportunity of speaking to Mr. Stanton and his wife. Strange to say, George's request took them quite by surprise.

"Marry! How can you marry in your present circumstances?" said the dear old man.

"Well, I think we might get on with my earnings and what I may get by-and-by."

"Yes; but you must not reckon upon the wind. House and wife and family are not kept by simply hoping in what may turn up by-and-by. Be content to remain unmarried a little longer—it will be best for you both; and, meanwhile, give your mind to getting on in your business, and to saving a little money to stock the house with, that you may not have to begin married life in debt, as scores foolishly do, and get to quarrelling the first year about the chairs they sit upon and can't pay for. And then, though our Mary is very precious to us, and we shall have a sore parting, we will yet try to give her to you."

Though Mr. Stanton spoke thus, the discovery of this attachment between George and his daughter was both to himself and Mrs. Stanton a heavy blow. Had they thought of choosing a husband for Mary, they would have preferred a different man—different not in means, for they were not concerned on that account, but in character: they wished for a more reliable man. However, as the choice did not rest with them, they were obliged to content themselves with the thought that for two or three years longer Mary would yet abide at home.

But they were sadly disappointed. George had gained more influence with Mary than her parents knew. It was the first undutiful act of her life, but it was one of which the painful consequences long endured. George and Mary were married secretly, within a few months of the interview between George and her parents. It was a married life begun upon a venture, and as in most such cases turned out ill. It began without the proper sanctions. Parents and friends were deeply grieved by it. Secrecy and falsity marred and blasted it from the first. Poor Mary thought her gentle influence would be sufficient to keep her husband right, when once they had received the parental pardon and entered upon their united lot, but she found it otherwise. They began in difficulties; and though George promised to face them manfully, he failed to do so, and then his wife had to deal with them alone.

The tortuous policy which George had adopted in so many instances before was still pursued. He would disappear suddenly, and leave his wife and friends to wonder where he might be, coming home late, and

refusing to tell from whence he came. There was only one thing which was very plain, namely, that he had been drinking somewhere.

But let us not dwell upon the painful tale.

There came at length a crisis. George lost his situation through his drunkenness; the house was cleared by creditors of the little furniture that remained; and Mary and her little babe went to the kindly refuge of her parents' home.

"The Blue Bell," with its pianoforte and boisterous company, never lost its charms for George. Again and again he allowed himself to be ensnared by them. That glorious musical talent which, when rightly directed, is the source of so much pure and exalted enjoyment, in George's case was utterly prostituted to depraved uses, and led him further and further into sin, until, losing all good employment in his proper business, he gave himself up at last to earning a precarious living by playing the pianoforte at certain public-houses and low music-halls of the town. Sometimes George went to Cherryton, where his brother Charles managed the mill and supported his mother, and where his sister Annie dwelt with her husband in a lowly cot. But he went seldom, and stayed not long; there was so much in the sight of the old faces and old scenes to awaken sorrow and remorse. Uncle Ben's house was still open to him, but he did not go. By-and-by he was quite at home in the low haunts of drunkenness, licence, and crime.

As we think of these two young men sitting together in the office-parlour, seeking employment in Manchester House; as we look again at the courses they took, and as

we ponder the position of honour attained by the one and the depth of depravity reached by the other, we recall those words of Divine wisdom written so long ago, which compare the good man to a tree planted by rivers of waters, and the ungodly to the chaff, which the wind driveth away; and which declare that "The Lord knoweth the way of the righteous: but the way of the ungodly shall perish."





A FEW POEMS FOR YOUNG MEN.

GRATITUDE TO GOD.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart !
But Thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustained,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learnt
To form themselves in prayer.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whence these comforts flowed.

Gratitude to God.

When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, conveyed me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, toils, and death,
It gently cleared my way ;
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be feared than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ;
And when in sin and sorrow sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand, thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

When nature fails, and day and night
Divide Thy works no more,
My ever-grateful heart, O Lord,
Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh, eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise !

ADDISON.

HUMAN FRAILTY.

WEAK and irresolute is man ;
 The purpose of to-day,
 Woven with pains into his plan,
 To-morrow rends away.

The bow well bent, and smart the spring,
 Vice seems already slain ;
 But passion rudely snaps the string,
 And it revives again.

Some foe to his upright intent
 Finds out his weaker part ;
 Virtue engages his assent,
 But pleasure wins his heart.

'Tis here the folly of the wise
 Through all his heart we view ;
 And, while his tongue the charge denies,
 His conscience owns it true.

Bound on a voyage of awful length,
 And dangers little known,
 A stranger to superior strength,
 Man vainly trusts his own.

But oars alone can ne'er prevail
 To reach the distant coast ;
 The breath of heaven must swell the sail,
 Or all the toil is lost. COWPER.

OLD AGE.

"YOU are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "The few locks that are left you are grey ;
 You are hale, Father William, a hearty old man—
 Now tell me the reason, I pray?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would fly fast ;
 And abused not my health and my vigour at first,
 That I never might need them at last."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And pleasures with youth pass away ;
 And yet you lament not the days that are gone—
 Now tell me the reason, I pray ?"

"In the days of my youth," Father William replied,
 "I remembered that youth would not last ;
 I thought on the future, whatever I did,
 That I never might grieve for the past."

"You are old, Father William," the young man cried,
 "And life must be hastening away ;
 You are cheerful, and love to converse upon death—
 Now tell me the reason, I pray ?"

"I am cheerful, young man," Father William replied—
 "Let the cause thy attention engage ;
 In the days of my youth I remembered my God,
 And He hath not forgotten my age."

SOUTHEY.

INDOLENCE.

IT was not by vile loitering in ease
 That Greece obtained the brighter palm of art ;
 That soft yet ardent Athens learned to please,
 To keen the wit, and to sublime the heart—
 In all supreme, complete in every part !
 It was not thence majestic Rome arose,
 And o'er the nations shook her conquering dart ;
 For sluggard's brow the laurel never grows ;
 Renown is not the child of indolent repose.

Had unambitious mortals minded nought,
 But in loose joy their time to wear away,

Had they alone the lap of Dalliance sought,
Pleased on her pillow their dull heads to lay—
Rude nature's state had been our state to-day ;
No cities e'er their towery fronts had raised,
No arts had made us opulent or gay ;
With brother-brutes the human race had grazed ;
None e'er had soared to fame, none honoured been, none
praised.

Great Homer's song had never fired the breast
To thirst of glory and heroic deeds ;
Sweet Maro's muse, sunk in inglorious rest,
Had silent slept amid the Mincian reeds ;
The wits of modern times had told their beads,
And monkish legends been their only strains :
Our Milton's Eden had lain wrapt in weeds,
Our Shakspeare strolled and laughed with Warwick swains ;
Nor had my Spenser charmed his Mulla's plains.

THOMSON.

THE SEA-SHELL.

HAST thou heard of a shell on the margin of ocean,
Whose pearly recesses the echoes still keep
Of the music it caught when, with tremulous motion,
It joined in the concert poured forth by the deep ?

And fables have told us, when far inland carried
To the waste sandy desert and dark ivied cave,
In its musical chambers some murmurs have tarried
It learnt long before of the wind and the wave.

Oh ! thus should our spirits, which bear many a token
They are not of earth, but are exiles while here,
Preserve in their banishment, pure and unbroken,
Some sweet treasured notes of their own native sphere.

Though the dark clouds of sin may at times hover o'er us,
 And the discords of earth may their melody mar,
 Yet to spirits redeemed some faint notes of that chorus
 Which is born of the blest, will be brought from afar !

BERNARD BARTON.

HAPPINESS.

TRUE Happiness has no localities,
 No tones provincial, no peculiar garb.
 Where Duty goes, she goes ; with Justice goes,
 And goes with Meekness, Charity, and Love.
 Where'er a tear is dried, a wounded heart
 Bound up, a bruised spirit with the dew
 Of sympathy anointed, or a pang
 Of honest suffering soothed, or injury
 Repeated oft, as oft by love forgiven ;
 Where'er an evil passion is subdued,
 Or Virtue's feeble embers fanned ; where'er
 A sin is heartily abjured, and left ;
 Where'er a pious act is done, or breathed
 A pious prayer, or wished a pious wish—
 There is a high and holy place, a spot
 Of sacred light, a most religious fane,
 Where Happiness, descending, sits and smiles.

POLLOK.



CATALOGUE
OF
ILLUSTRATED PUBLICATIONS



PUBLISHED BY
MESSRS. PARTRIDGE & Co.,
9, Paternoster Row, London.

Printed by GEO. WATSON & Co., 28, Charles Street, Farringdon Road.

ILLUSTRATED PERIODICALS.

THE WEEKLY WELCOME. With numerous engravings by first-class Artists. Weekly numbers, 1d. Monthly Parts, 6d. each. The Yearly volumes, cloth, 2s., or gilt, 12s.

The Articles are by popular authors, and are suitable for the entertainment of both youth and old age. A Page of Music, in both Notations, appears in every number, which will be found serviceable as singing lessons. An Engraving is added as a Frontispiece to the Monthly Part.

New Monthly Illustrated Half-penny Periodical.

THE BAND OF MERCY ADVOCATE, specially suited for the young. The Organ of the Societies for promoting amongst the young the practice of kindness to animals. With numerous Illustrations, page of Music for Singing, and interesting Anecdotes about Animals, &c.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

BRITISH WORKMAN. With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Parts from 1875, with cover printed in colours, price 1s. 6d.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d. are at present kept on sale.

The Numbers for 1875, 1876, 1877, 1878 may be had in one Vol., Cloth, 7s. 6d. Gilt, 9s. 0d.

In Numbers, One Penny Monthly.

THE FAMILY FRIEND. The Yearly Volumes from 1875. Covers printed in colours, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Gilt, 2s. 6d. each. Illustrated by First-class Artists. With Narratives and Articles for Fathers, Mothers, Children, and Servants. A piece of Music, suitable for the Family or the Nursery, in each number. Printed on toned paper.

In Numbers, Monthly, One Halfpenny.

BAND of HOPE REVIEW. With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Parts from 1874, with cover printed in colours, price 1s.; Cloth, Gilt Edges, 2s.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

CHILDREN'S FRIEND. With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Volumes from 1875, with cover printed in colours, price 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d. each. A piece of music suitable for Children appears in each number.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

INFANT'S MAGAZINE. With Full-page Pictures. The Yearly Volumes from 1874, with cover printed in colours, 1s. 6d.; Cloth, 2s.; Gilt Edges, 2s. 6d. A piece of Music appears in each number.

In Numbers, Monthly, price One Penny.

FRIENDLY VISITOR. Illustrated. A Magazine for the Aged. Printed in bold Type. The Yearly Volumes from 1876, coloured cover, 1s. 6d.; Cloth 2s.; Gilt Edges 2s. 6d.

BOOKS FOR FAMILY, VILLAGE AND SUNDAY SCHOOL LIBRARIES.

THREE PEOPLE. By Pansy. A Story of the Temperance Crusade in America. With twenty-nine full-page Engravings. Cloth, 5s. A cheap edition may also be had, with Frontispiece, paper covers, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.

A BUNCH of CHERRIES, Gathered and strung by J. W. Kirton. Cloth, 3s. 6d. With Illustrations.

ANECDOTES FOR THE FAMILY. Being a selection of interesting Anecdotes, suitable for the Social Circle. With Illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

ARTHUR EGERTON'S ORDEAL; or, God's Ways not our Ways. By the author of "Ellerlie House," &c. With full-page Engravings. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

CLOUDLAND; or, Winnie Hetherington's Dream. By S. S. Wynne. To all who wish to learn the secret of being useful and happy in their day and generation, these pages are affectionately dedicated. With Illustrations, Cloth, 3s. 6d.

MORNING DEW-DROPS; or, The Young Abstainer. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. A revised and Illustrated Edition of this most valuable Temperance Book for the Young is just ready. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

THE BROOK'S STORY, and other Tales ("Grandfather Roger," "Harry and his Monkey," and "A Few Words about Cats"). By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

A MORE EXCELLENT WAY; and other Stories of the Women's Temperance Crusade in America. By M. E. Winslow. With eight full-page Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED ANECDOTES and Pithy Pieces of Prose and Verse. Compiled by T. B. S. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

GERARD MASTYN; or, The Son of a Genius. By E. H. Burrage. With Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

LEAVES FROM the TREE of LIFE. By Rev. R. Newton, D.D. With Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

LIFE of JAS. McCURREY. Edited by Mrs. Balfour. With portrait. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

NATURE'S MIGHTY WONDERS. By the Rev Dr. Newton. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

RAYS FROM the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

TEMPERANCE STORIES FOR THE YOUNG. By T. S. Arthur, Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." With seven full-page Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE BEST THINGS. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

CHILD'S HYMNAL, THE. By Rev. Charles Rogers, LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE KING'S HIGHWAY. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE SAFE COMPASS, AND HOW IT POINTS. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

BIBLE JEWELS. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

BIBLE WONDERS. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER. By the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE GREAT PILOT AND HIS LESSONS. By the Author of "The Giants, and how to fight them." With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

ILLUSTRATED SABBATH FACTS; or, God's Weekly Gift to the Weary. Reprinted from the "British Workman." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG CÆSAR. By Mrs. Sherwood. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Illustrations.

"PUFFING BILLY" AND THE PRIZE "ROCKET;" or, The Story of the Stephensons and our Railways. By Mrs. H. C. Knight. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Illustrations.

RAG AND TAG. A Plea for the Waifs and Strays of Old England. By Mrs. E. J. Whittaker. With ten full-page Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

BILLS FROM THE FOUNTAIN OF LIFE. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 1s. 6d. With Illustrations.

DIVINE AND MORAL SONGS. By Dr. Watts. Cloth, 1s. With Illustrations.

THE GIANTS; AND HOW TO FIGHT THEM. By the Rev. Dr. Newton. Cloth, 1s. Illustrations.

"HAVE WE ANY WORD OF GOD?" By the Author of "Is the Bible True?" With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

HOW PAUL'S PENNY BECAME A POUND. By Mrs. Bowen, author of "Dick and his Donkey." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

HOW PETER'S POUND BECAME A PENNY. By the Author of "Jack the Conqueror," &c. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

JENNY'S GERANIUM; or, the Prize Flower of a London Court. Cloth, 1s. With Illustrations.

JOE AND SALLY; or, a Good Deed and its Fruits. By the Author of "Grumbling Tommy." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

- JOHN ORIEL'S START IN LIFE.** By Mary Howitt. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.
- A MOTHER'S STORIES FOR HER CHILDREN.** By the late Mrs. Carus Wilson. Cloth, 1s.
- "NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE."** A Thought for the Times. By S. Clarence. Cloth, 1s.
- PRINCE CONSORT, THE LATE.** Reminiscences of his Life and Character. By Rev. J. H. Wilson. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.
- SNOWDROPS; or, Life from the Dead.** With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.
- TOIL AND TRUST; or, Life Story of Patty, the Workhouse Girl.** By Mrs. Balfour. Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.
- WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES.** By Mrs. Ellis. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.
- NO WORK, NO BREAD.** By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer." With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.
- THE PEARLY GATES.** By Mrs. C. Rigg. With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.
- WILLIE TURNER, THE CRIPPLE; or, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus."** By Mrs. Fry. Cloth, 6d.

TEMPERANCE.

(Many of these are suitable for Sunday School Libraries.)

- THREE PEOPLE.** By Pansy. A Story of the Temperance Crusade in America. With twenty-nine full-page Engravings. Cloth, 5s. A cheap edition may also be had, with Frontispiece, paper covers, 1s. 6d.; cloth, 2s.
- A BUNCH of CHERRIES,** Gathered and strung by J. W. Kirton, Esq., Author of "Buy your own Cherries." With Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.
- MORNING DEW-DROPS; or, The Young Abstainer.** By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. A revised and Illustrated Edition of this most valuable Temperance Book for the Young is just ready. Cloth, 3s. 6d.
- A MORE EXCELLENT WAY; and other Stories of the Women's Temperance Crusade in America.** By M. E. Winslow. Eight full-page Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.
- LIFE OF JAMES M'CURREY, The.** Edited by Mrs. C. L. Balfour. With Portrait. Cloth, 2s. 6d.
- TEMPERANCE STORIES FOR THE YOUNG.** By T. S. Arthur, Author of "Ten Nights in a Bar-Room." With seven full-page Engravings. Cloth, 2s. 6d.
- THE FOUR PILLARS OF TEMPERANCE.** By the Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Cloth, 1s. 6d.
- ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE ANECDOTES; or, Facts and Figures for the Platform and the People.** Compiled by the Editor of the "British Workman." 1st and 2nd series. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

RAG AND TAG. A Plea for the Waifs and Strays of Old England, By Mrs. E. J. Whittaker. With ten full-page Engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND TEMPERANCE TRACTS. Illustrated. Assorted packets, 1s., containing Nos. 1 to 18; may be also had in separate numbers; and in one Vol., Cloth, 1s. 6d.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Losings Bank. ½d. 2. The Doctor's Prescription. 1d. 3. Pledge for a Pledge. ½d. 4. A "Strike." ½d. 5. Poison. ½d. 6. Eat your Pig. ½d. 7. Tempting Eves. ½d. 8. Drink, and you will Work. ½d. 9. The Little Shoes. ½d. 10. The Curate's Story. 1d. 11. A Question Answered. ½d. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 12. "I'll Take what Father Takes." ½d. 13. The Wedding Present. ½d. 14. Woman's Testimony. ½d. [Chancel. 1d. 15. How they rebuilt West Waltham 16. Robert Gray Mason and the Irish Coach- 17. Put on the Break, Jim ! 1d. [man. 1d. 18. Going Aloft. 1d. 19. Good Fruit. 1d. 20. Buy your own Cherries. 1d. 21. Story of Rachel Hunter. 1d. 22. Chalk your own Door. 1d. |
|--|--|

CLUB NIGHT: A Village Record. By Mrs. Balfour. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

COME HOME, MOTHER. A Story for Mothers. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

COUSIN BESSIE: A Story of Youthful Earnestness. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

DIGGING A GRAVE WITH A WINE GLASS. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

FRANK SPENCER'S RULE OF LIFE. By J. W. Kirton, Author of "Buy your own Cherries." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

MODERATE DRINKING. Containing the Speeches on the above subject by Sir H. Thompson, F.R.C.S.; Dr. B. W. Richardson, F.R.S.; Rev. Canon Farrar, D.D., F.R.S.; Edward Baines, Esq.; Admiral Sir James Sullivan, K.C.B.; and Rev. H. Sinclair Paterson, M.D. With Portraits of the above Speakers. Cloth, 1s. Without Portraits and first three Speeches only, paper cover, 4d.

NOTHING LIKE EXAMPLE. By Nelsie Brook. With Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

PASSAGES IN THE HISTORY OF A SHILLING. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

WANDERINGS OF A BIBLE, AND MY MOTHER'S BIBLE. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

THE BLACK BULL. By the Widow of a Publican. A Story for the Times. With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES." Prose Edition. By J. W. Kirton, Esq. Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

CHRISTOPHER THORPE'S VICTORY. A Tale for the Upper Classes. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 6d.

JOHN WORTH; or, The Drunkard's Death. Cloth, 6d.

NO WORK, NO BREAD. By the Author of "Jessica's First Prayer." With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

PASTOR'S PLEDGE. By Rev. Wm. Roaf. 6d.

COLOURED TRACTS. Twenty pages. With coloured Cover and many Illustrations. Containing Stories for Working Men on Temperance subjects. 2d. each.

1. Buy your own Cherries
2. Matthew Hart's Dream
3. Old Janet's Christmas Gift
4. A Little Child shall lead them
5. The Last Penny
6. Out of Work
7. John Stepping Forth
8. The Independent Labourer
13. No Work, No Bread

14. Light in the Bars
15. Tramp's Story
17. The Shadow on the Door
20. Not a Drop more, Daniel
22. The Holly Boy
25. Old Boots
26. Tottie's Christmas Shoes
28. Jim Lineham's Happy Blunder
31. What the Lark sang to Robert Morley

"BRITISH WORKMAN" SERIES OF TRACTS. Containing interesting Stories on Temperance and Religious subjects, for the Working Classes. 32 pp. and glazed cover. Twopence each.

1. Darby Brill
2. The Carpenter's Speech
3. The Sailor's Parrot
4. Tom Carter's Way of Doing Good
5. The Last Customer
6. Going Aloft
7. "Right about Face"
8. John Harding's Locket
9. He Drinks
10. Doing his Duty
11. Good Fruit
12. The Bent Shilling
13. The Dremmer Boy
14. Inch Auger
15. Split Navy
16. "Put on the Break, Jim!"
17. Taking up of Barney
18. The House that John Built
19. Articles of War
20. Little Sam Groves
21. Poor Man's House Repaired

22. Richard Harvey
23. Only One Glass
24. How Rachel Hunter, &c.
25. Robert Gray Mason
26. My Mother's Gold Ring
27. The Emperor's Proclamation
28. The Sign of the Fox
29. John Jarvis
30. Elizabeth Comstock's Address
31. The Polite Postmaster
32. The Home Concert
33. Temperance and Intemperance
34. The Cure for Strikes
35. Betty Brown
36. The Young Skipper's Religion
37. The Man who Killed his Neighbours
38. Mary Gunner's Gown
39. Healthy, Wealthy, and Wise
40. "'Tis Buts"
41. The Fools' Pence

HISTORY AND MYSTERY OF A GLASS OF ALE. By the Author of "Buy your own Cherries." 2d.

WILLIAM AND MARY; or, the Fatal Blow. By Mrs. Ellis. 2d.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES. By J. W. Kirton. 1d.

CLERGYMAN'S REASONS FOR TEETOTALISM. 1d.

FAMILY PLEDGE CARD. 1d.

ILLUSTRATED TEMPERANCE WALL PAPERS. PAPERS. Price One Penny each, or in One Packet (23 Nos.) sent post free for Twenty-three Penny Stamps.

3. Swallowing a Yard of Land
7. "Will Father be a Goat?"
10. My Account with Her Majesty
18. Gin Shop
17. Buy your own Cherries
18. Fred's First Great Coat
19. Reduced to the Ranks
21. The Fools' Pence.
24. A Pledge for a Pledge
26. Losings Bank and Savings Bank
28. John Morton's New Harmonium
30. The "Tis But's" Box

35. My First Ministerial Difficulty
36. Something to Show for your Money
40. Jack and the Yellow Boys
50. John Rose and his Freehold
57. "Dip your Roll in your own Pot"
58. Our Christmas Tree
69. Tim's Oration
93. Chalk your own Door
94. John B. Gough
96. Story of Rough Will
97. "I like to wear my own clothes first"

J. W. KIRTON'S PENNY SERIES. One Penny each, or
Twelve post free for 1s.

Buy your own Cherries
Buy your own Goose
Build your own House
Christmas "Tis Buts"
How Rachel Hunter bought her own
Cherries
"Help Myself Society"

How Sam Adams' Pipe became a Pig
"I'll Vote for You if You'll Vote for Me"
Never Game, and you can't Gamble
Polly Pratt's Secret for Making £5 notes
Take Care of your "Tis Buts"
The Wonder-working Badstead
Two Ways of Keeping a Holiday

PUT ON THE BREAK, JIM! 1d.

EARLHAM TEMPERANCE SERIES of 16pp. ILLUSTRATED TRACTS. One Halfpenny each. Nos. 1, 2, 3, and 4 may be had in assorted packets, price 6d. each.

1. Buy your own Cherries
2. The "Tis Buts" Box
3. The Fools' Pence
4. The Eloquence of Grief
5. The Honest Doctor
6. The Door in the Heart
7. Ned Stokes
8. The Losings Bank and the Savings Bank
9. Facts for Ratepayers
10. The Blue Cart with Red Wheels
11. Tim's Oration
12. The Brown Jug
13. The Last Penny
14. The Inch Anger
15. What Twopence a Day will do
16. Dip your Roll in your own Pot
17. "Chalk your own Door"
18. "Not a Drop more, Daniel!"
19. John Morton's Grand Harmonium
20. The Polite Postmaster
21. Good for Trade
22. The Press Gang
23. Pledge for Pledge
24. The Five Steps
25. The Irish Coachman and Robert Gray Mason
26. The Poor Man's House Repaired

27. My Mother's Gold Ring
28. What do the Admirals Say?
29. What do the "Friends" Say?
30. Good Fruit; or, Dr. Leslie's Two Apples
31. How John Ross began to "Kneel Down"
32. "I like to wear my own Clothes First"
33. How they Rebuilt West Waltham Chancel
34. Wheat or Chaff
35. "Put on the Break, Jim!"
36. Remarkable Scenes
37. "Rough Will"
38. The House that Jack built
39. The Little Shoes
40. Harry's Pint; or, Threepence a-day
41. The Liquor-Seller and the Missionary
42. How to pay Rent and buy Sewing Machines
43. Be sure and take your Glass of Wine"
44. The Husband's Present.
45. Going Aloft.
46. The Town Pump; His Last Glass, &c.
47. The Brewer's Horse, and the Reclaimed Gardener
48. The Doctor's Mistake

ILLUSTRATED FLY LEAVES. The following Nos. are
Temperance. Price 2s. 6d. per hundred, or 4d. per doz.

14. Rees Pritchard and the Goat
16. Blue Cart with the Red Wheels
22. Old Hunter's Home, etc.
35. Five "Wailmen" in Workhouse
37. "Father, don't go"
47. Jack and the Yellow Boys
62. A Prodigal's Return
64. Jim Lincham's Happy Blunder
68. How John Ross began to Kneel down
71. Happy Change; or Good for Trade
73. Twopence a day and what it accomplished

75. "Will Father be a Goat, Mother?"
77. Lost! Lost!
78. The Five Steps
79. The Door in the Heart
84. Losings Bank and Savings Bank
85. Buy your own Cherries
86. Harry's Pint; or, Threepence a day
89. Swallowing a Yard of Land
97. Ned Stokes, the Man-o'-War's Man
109. The Man who Swallowed Three Brick-fields and Eight Houses

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS, Etc.

OUR ZOOLOGICAL FRIENDS. By Harland Coultas.
Cloth, 6s.

ANIMALS AND THEIR YOUNG. By Harland Coultas.
With Full-page engravings. Cloth, 5s.

OUR DUMB COMPANIONS; or, Conversations about Dogs, Horses, Donkeys, and Cats. By Rev. Thomas Jackson, M.A. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.

STORIES ABOUT HORSES. With numerous Full-page Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.

BIRDIE AND HER DOG; and other Stories of Canine Sagacity. With Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

THE BROOK'S STORY, and other Tales ("Grandfather Roger," "Harry and his Monkey," and "A Few Words about Cats"). By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

OUR FOUR-FOOTED FRIENDS; or, the History of Manor Farm, and the People and Animals there. By Mary Howitt. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

NATURAL HISTORY PICTURE ROLL. Consisting of 81 Illustrated Leaves, with simple large-type Letterpress, suitable to hang up in the Nursery, Schoolroom, &c. Price 8s.

OUR DUTY TO ANIMALS. By Mrs. C. Bray, Author of "Physiology for Schools," &c. Intended to teach the young kindness to animals. Cloth, 1s. 6d.; Edition, 1s. 8d.

A MOTHER'S LESSONS ON KINDNESS TO ANIMALS. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd Series. Cloth, 1s.; Limp, 6d. each.

CLAIMS OF ANIMALS. A Lecture on the Duty of Promoting Kindness to the Animal Creation. In large type, with Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS. By Charlotte Elizabeth. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

POOR BLOSSOM. The Story of a Horse. By E. H. B. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY; or, How to Pay the Rent. Cloth, 6d.

LITTLE FAN. Cloth, 6d.

ONLY A LADYBIRD. Cloth, 6d.

RICHARD BARTON; or, The Wounded Bird. Cloth, 6d.

THE SPARROW CLUB. By the Author of "Whose Dog is it?" With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

"WHOSE DOG IS IT?" or, the Story of Poor Gyp. With Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

OLD JANET'S CHRISTMAS GIFT. An interesting Story of a Donkey. Coloured Cover, 2d.

ANECDOTES OF ANIMALS. With Cover, and full of Illustrations. 1d. each.

1. Anecdotes of Horses.
2. Anecdotes of Dogs.
3. Anecdotes of Donkeys.
4. Neddy and Me.

5. Blackbird's Nest.
6. On the Management of Horses.
7. The Brother Drovers.
8. Kind-hearted Ralph.

ANIMALS' FRIEND SHEET ALMANAC. Annually. 1d.

HALFPENNY BOOKS.

Kindness to Animals.
Peter's Pets.
"Only for Fun."
The Useful Donkey:
Mercy to Animals.
Emma's Visit to the Country.

The Chaffinch's Story.
The Sparrow's Sermon.
Bobby and the Birds.
The Feathered Friends.
Annie and the Butterfly.
Roland, the Champion.

ILLUSTRATED FLY-LEAVES. 2s. 6d. per 100.

No. 87. A Plea for the Birds.

ILLUSTRATED WALL PAPERS. 1d. each.

11. A Plea for the Donkey.
23. A Plea for the Birds.
33. Horses and their Masters.
51. The Shoeing Forge.
52. Robin and the Railway Guard.
59. How to Manage Horses.

68. Our Little Feathered Friends.
72. The Cow's Complaint.
73. Man's Noble Friend—The Horse.
74. A Royal Society.
77. The Costermonger.
85. Anecdotes of Elephants.

FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS.

OUT AT SEA : A Few Simple Ballads addressed to Sailors. Cloth, 6d. & 1s.

BEN AND HIS MOTHER. By Mrs. Carus Wilson. Cloth, 6d.

NED STOKES, THE MAN-O'-WAR'S MAN. By Agnes E. Weston. 8d.

"BRITISH WORKMAN" SERIES OF TRACTS SUITABLE FOR SOLDIERS AND SAILORS. 2d. each.

1. Darby Brill.
3. The Sailor's Parrot.
6. Going Aloft.
7. "Right about Face."

9. He drinks !
13. The Drummer Boy.
19. Articles of War.
86. The Young Skipper's Religion.

COLOURED SERIES OF TRACTS. 20 pages and Coloured Cover and Illustration. Price 2d. each. No. 30. Going Aloft.

DOES IT ANSWER. 1d.

RIGHT ABOUT FACE. 1d.

GOING ALOFT. 1d.

ILLUSTRATED WALL PAPERS. 1d. each.

2. Bob, the Cabin Boy.
4. "Knock off those Chains."
5. "He stands Fire !"
9. John Maynard, the Brave Pilot.
16. The Blue Jacket's Sampler.
19. Reduced to the Ranks.
22. On the Look-out.

40. Jack and the Yellow Boys.
43. The Life Boat.
60. Home Coming of Darby Brill.
61. Scripture Patchwork Quilt.
87. An Admiral's Speech.
89. A Chat with our Blue-Jackets.
95. Our Brave Life-boat Men.

EARLHAM SERIES OF 16pp. ILLUSTRATED TRACTS. One Halfpenny each. The following Numbers are suitable for Soldiers and Sailors.

11. The Two Voyages
12. "Knock off those Chains"
20. "Hold! Fire if you dare!"
22. Patchwork Quilt
24. Bob, the Cabin Boy
27. General Taylor
33. Speaking Tile

38. "Thank you, Captain!"
52. The Lady in India
53. Maggie Conolly
62. Asleep at his Post
67. The Last Strand of the Rope
71. "Trumpets, Pipes, and Strings!"
72. Colonel Allen and his Dying Child

ILLUSTRATED FLY LEAVES. Suitable for Soldiers and Sailors. 2s. 6d. per 100; 4d. per dozen.

25. Officer and Verse on Wall
27. Infidel Officer and Child
30. Old Sailor and Bible Reader
41. A Sailor's Funeral
43. Auction at Sea
45. Sea Boy's Story
47. Jack and the Yellow Boys
48. Albatross and Soldier
50. Scripture Patchwork Quilt

61. Soldier and Cell
88. The False Pilot and Sure One
97. Ned Stokes, the Man-o'-War's Man
104. Bob, the Cabin Boy
110. "Thank you, Captain!"
112. "Say your Prayers in Fair Weather"
116. Maria Fry, the Soldier's Friend
117. On the Look-out

FOR WORKING MEN.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL. By Elihu Burritt. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

NEVER GIVE UP. A Christmas Story for Working Men and their Wives. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 1s.

NOTHING LIKE EXAMPLE. By Nelsie Brook. With Engravings. Cloth, 1s.

OUR TEN WEEKS' STRIKE. By G. E. Sargent, Author of "The Story of a Pocket Bible." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

THE BEST MASTER; or, Can Coachmen have their Sunday? By the Author of "Household Proverbs." Cloth, 6d.

THE BLACK BULL. By the Widow of a Publican. A Story for the Times. Cloth, 6d.

"BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES." By J. W. Kirtton, Esq. Cloth, 6d.

LOST IN THE SNOW; or, the Kentish Fisherman. By Mrs. C. Rigg. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 6d.

"BRITISH WORKMAN" SERIES OF TRACTS. Intended for Circulation amongst the Working Classes. 2d. each.

1. Darby Brill
2. The Carpenter's Speech
3. The Sailor's Parrot
4. Tom Carter's Way of Doing Good
5. The Last Customer
6. Going Aloft
7. "Right About Face"
8. John Harding's Locket
9. He Drinks
10. Doing his Duty

11. Good Fruit
12. The Bent Shilling
13. The Drummer Boy
14. Inch Auger
15. Split Navvy
16. Put on the Break, Jim
17. Taking up of Barney
18. The House that John Built
19. Articles of War
20. Little Sam Groves

21. Poor Man's House Repaired
22. Richard Harvey
23. Only One Glass
24. How Rachel Hunter, &c.
25. Robert Gray Mason
26. My Mother's Gold Ring
27. The Emperor's Proclamation
28. The Sign of the Fox
29. John Jarvis
30. Elizabeth Comstock's Address
31. The Polite Postmaster

32. The Home Concert
33. Temperance and Intemperance
34. The Cure for Strikes
35. Betty Brown
36. The Young Skipper's Religion
37. The Man who Killed his Neighbours
38. Mary Gunner's Gown
39. Healthy, Wealth and Wise
40. "'Tis Buts"
41. The Fools' Pence

COLOURED TRACTS. Twenty Pages. With Coloured Cover, 2d. each.

1. Buy your own Cherries
2. Matthew Hart's Dream
3. Old Janet's Christmas Gift
4. A Little Child shall Lead them
5. The Last Penny
6. Out of Work
7. John Stepping Forth
8. The Independent Labourer
9. Bought with a Price
10. Bethlehem
11. The Three Bags of Gold
12. The Hidden Foe
13. No Work, No Bread
14. Light in the Bars
15. Tramp's Story
16. Thady O'Connor
17. The Shadow on the Door
18. Fisherman's Shagreen Box
19. Going Down Hill
20. Not a Drop more, Daniel

21. Mike Slattery
22. The Holly Boy
23. Melodious Mat
24. Blind Mary of the Mountain
25. Old Boots
26. Tottie's Christmas Shoes
27. Died at his Post
28. Jim Lineham's Happy Blunder
29. The Emperor's Proclamation
30. Going Aloft
31. Joe, the Crossing Sweeper
32. The Conscientious Gardener
33. What the Lark sang to Robert Morley
34. The Husband's Present
35. The Patchwork Quilt
36. The Golden Napoleon
37. "I have Redeemed Thee"
38. No Tobacco Sold here
39. "These Forty Years"
40. The Park-keeper and his Old Tent

WORK AND WAGES. By J. W. Kirton, Author of "Buy your own Cherries." 2d.

BUY YOUR OWN CHERRIES. Prose. By J. W. Kirton. 1d.

PUT ON THE BREAK, JIM! 1d.

ILLUSTRATED WALL PAPERS. Reprints in large type from the "British Workman." For the Walls of Workshops and Schools, Ships' Cabins, Barber's Shops, &c. One Penny each. And done up in One Shilling packets, containing twelve numbers. Five Shilling packet, containing Nos. 1 to 60.

1. "No Swearing Allowed"
2. Bob, the Cabin-Boy
3. "Swallowing a Yard of Land"
4. "Knock off those Chains"
5. "He stands Fire!"
6. Fisherman and Porter
7. "Will Father be a Goat?"
8. Man with a Cross on his Back
9. John Maynard, the Brave Pilot
10. My Account with Her Majesty
11. A Plea for the Donkey
12. Preparing for the Flower Show
13. Gin Shop
14. Thomas Paine's Recantation
15. Oil and Stewed Eels
16. The Blue Jacket's Sampler
17. Buy your own Cherries
18. Fred Harford's Great Coat
19. Reduced to the Ranks
20. Musical Coal Man

21. The Fools' Pence
22. "What's that to Me?"
23. A Plea for the Birds
24. A Pledge for a Pledge
25. The First Snowdrop [Bank
26. The Losings Bank and the Savings
27. Mike Donovan's Looking Glass
28. John Morton's New Harmonium
29. On the Look-Out
30. The "'Tis Buts" Box
31. The Prodigal Son
32. The Christmas Arm Chair
33. The Village Gleaner
34. The Ambitious Blacksmith
35. My First Ministerial Difficulty
36. Something to Show for your Money
37. Stop! Mend your Buckle
38. Horses and their Masters
39. The Parable of the Sower
40. Jack and the Yellow Boys

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>41. The Christmas Sheaf
 42. Discontented Pendulum
 43. The Life Boat
 44. Providence will Provide
 45. Celebrated Italians
 46. Dust Ho!
 47. A Plea for Washerwomen
 48. The Nativity
 49. The Name in Gold Letters
 50. John Rose's Freehold
 51. The Shoning Forge
 52. Robin and Railway Guard
 53. In the Far Country
 54. Canute's Rebuke
 55. Tom Carter's Way of Doing Good
 56. The Two Gardeners
 57. Dip your Roll in your own Pot
 58. Our Christmas Tree
 59. How to Manage Horses
 60. Home-Comeing of Darby Brill
 61. Scripture Patchwork Quilt
 62. Michael Donovan
 63. "That's Thee, Jem"
 64. The Secret of England's Greatness
 65. My Uncle's Life Motto
 66. Should Museums be Opened on Sundays?
 67. Where are you going, Thomas Brown?
 68. Our Little Feathered Friends
 69. Tim's Oration</p> | <p>70. Live and Let Live
 71. The Story of a Violin
 72. The Cow's Complaint
 73. Man's Noble Friend—The Horse
 74. A Royal Society
 75. Hints for Working Men
 76. The Well-to-do Cabman
 77. The Costermonger
 78. Eric, the Russian Slave
 79. Herrings for Nothing
 80. Died at his Post
 81. Conditions of Sale
 82. The Emperor's Proclamation
 83. The Brazen Serpent
 84. The Polite Postmaster
 85. Anecdotes of Elephants
 86. The Workman's Home Concert
 87. An Admiral's Speech
 88. The Colporteur
 89. A Chat with our Blue Jackets
 90. The Chimney Sweeper
 91. Celebrated Shoemakers
 92. Right Thing in the Right Place
 93. "Chalk your own Door!"
 94. John B. Gough
 95. Our Brave Life-boat Men
 96. Story of Rough Will
 97. "I like to Wear my own Clothes First!"
 98. The Grape on the Whip</p> |
|---|--|

JEFFREY THE MURDERER. By the Rev. G. W. McCree.
1d.

J. W. KIRTON'S PENNY SERIES. One Penny each, or
Twelve post free for 1s.

Buy your own Cherries
Buy your own Goose
Build your own House
Christmas "Tis Buts"
How Rachel Hunter bought her own
Cherries
"Help Myself Society"

How Sam Adams' Pipe became a Pig
"I'll Vote for You if You'll Vote for Me"
Never Game, and you can't Gamble
Polly Pratt's Secret for Making £5 notes
Take Care of your "Tis Buts"
The Wonder-working Bedstead
Two Ways of Keeping a Holiday

"BRITISH WORKMAN" PLACARDS. Adapted for Workshops, &c., 1d.; Nos. 1 to 14. Nos. 1 to 12 done up in packets, 1s. If an order be sent with 14 stamps, the complete Set will be forwarded post free.

ILLUSTRATED FLY LEAVES, suitable for Working Men.
2s. 6d. per 100, or 4d. per dozen.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>28. Singing Carpenter
 31. Lady and Card-players
 56. Blind Cobbler
 67. Remarkable Meeting of Chimney Sweepers
 72. John Brown
 73. Twopence a Day
 75. Will Father be a Goat, Mother?
 76. Collier's Widow
 83. John Morton's New Harmonium</p> | <p>84. Losings Bank and Savings Bank
 85. Buy your own Cherries
 89. Swallowing a Yard of Land
 98. The Two Gardeners
 99. The Weaver's Lamp
 103. Died at his Post
 109. Man who Swallowed Three Brickfields and Eight Houses
 114. How the Policeman Conquered</p> |
|--|--|

BOOKS FOR BOYS.

(See also Temperance, etc.)

ARTHUR EGERTON'S ORDEAL; or, God's Ways not our Ways. By Emma Leslie, Author of "Ellerlie House," &c. Full-page Engravings. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

JACK THE CONQUEROR; or, Difficulties Overcome. By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey." Cloth, 8s. 6d.

MORNING DEWDROPS; or, The Young Abstainer. By Mrs. C. L. Balfour. With Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

GERARD MASTYN; or, The Son of a Genius. By E. H. Burrage. With Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

THE LITTLE WOODMAN AND HIS DOG CÆSAR. By Mrs. Sherwood. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

"PUFFING BILLY" and the Prize "Rocket"; or, The Story of the Stephensons and our Railways. By Mrs. H. C. Knight. Cloth, plain, 1s. 6d.

VIGNETTES OF AMERICAN HISTORY. By Mary Howitt. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

FRANK SPENCER'S RULE OF LIFE. By Author of "Buy your own Cherries." Cloth, 1s.

HOW PAUL'S PENNY BECAME A POUND. By Mrs. Bowen, Author of "Dick and his Donkey." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

HOW PETER'S POUND BECAME A PENNY. By the Author of "Jack the Conqueror," &c. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

JOE AND SALLY; or, A Good Deed and its Fruits. By the Author of "Grumbling Tommy." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

JOHN ORIEL'S START IN LIFE. By Mary Howitt. With many Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

"NOT A MINUTE TO SPARE." A Thought for the Times. With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

NO GAINS WITHOUT PAINS: A True Story. By H. C. Knight. Cloth, 1s.

WILLY HEATH AND THE HOUSE RENT. By William Leask, D.D. Cloth, 1s.

DICK AND HIS DONKEY; or, How to Pay the Rent. Cloth, 6l.

STORY OF TWO APPRENTICES. The Dishonest and the Successful. By Rev. J. T. Barr. Cloth, 6l.

SCRUB, THE WORKHOUSE BOY. By Mrs. Balfour. 6d.

THE TINY LIBRARY. Books printed in large type. Cloth, 6d.
Nos. 1 to 26 may also be had in two boxes (A & B), price 6s. 6d. each, or in one complete box, price 13s.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Hot Coals 2. The Golden Rule 3. Grandpapa's Walking-Stick 4. Honesty the best Policy 5. Silver Cup 6. Short Stories 7. Brave Little Boys 8. Ben and his Mother 9. Little David 10. Richard Barton ; or, The Wounded Bird 11. Little Jim, the Rag Merchant 12. Curious Jane 13. Jenny and the Showman 14. Little Fan 15. Broken Window | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 16. Letty Young 17. Matty and Tom 18. The Orphans 19. John Madge 20. Philip Reeve 21. Henry Harris 22. £1 and £10,000 23. Brave Little Tom 24. Ella's Rose-bud 25. The Pedlar's Loan 26. Milly's New Year 27. Only a Lady-bird 28. The First False Step 29. Richard Shaw 30. He would not Think |
|--|---|

WILLIE TURNER, THE CRIPPLE; or, "Safe in the Arms of Jesus." By Mrs. Fry. Cloth, 6d.

LAD WITH A GOOD CHARACTER. 1d.

ORPHAN BOY; or, How Little John was Reclaimed. 1d.

JUVENILE LIBRARY. Small books containing Stories for Children. Well Illustrated. Nos. 1 to 84 may be had in assorted Sixpenny Packets, A, B, C, D, E, F, and G.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. Fear of Ridicule 2. The Two Nests 3. Little Helpers 4. Anecdotes of Dog 5. The Two Bears 6. Questions with Answers 7. Beautiful Garment 8. The Bird's Nest 9. The Organ Boy 10. Lessons on Kindness 11. Spring Flowers 12. True Duncan 13. Bread cast upon the Waters 14. Greek Testament 15. Brave Sailor Boy 16. "You Can't Straighten It" 17. Child Colporteur 18. Boy that could be Trusted 19. The Golden Star 20. What a Blind Child can Do 21. Be Truthful 22. Child's Resolution 23. Soldier and Princess 24. Have you a Winter Garden? 25. Trembling Eyelid 26. Willie Harris 27. The "Cry" Boy 28. Troublesome Joe 29. The Tell-Tale 30. John Reynolds | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 31. Pleasures of the Country 32. Bennie Wilson's Anti-Society 33. Robert, The Stone-thrower 34. Little Frank and Old "Dobbin" 35. True Bravery 36. Nellie Lindsay 37. A Youthful Hero 38. The Clever Boy 39. Little Hugh's Tool-Box 40. Try Company 41. Remarkable Answer to Prayer 42. What Echo Said 43. Girl at the Well 44. Juvenile Inquiries 45. The Young Cadet 46. Elijah in the Desert 47. Greedy Bill 48. A Happy New Year 49. "Please, Sir" 50. Young Sailor 51. Horses from the Wood 52. Little Bertha 53. White Feather of Peace 54. Helping Father to Garden 55. Indian Chief 56. Christmas Tree 57. It Rains 58. Young Patriot 59. "With a will, Joe" 60. Letter to Little Boys and Girls |
|--|---|

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>61. Young Drummer's Patchwork Quilt
 62. Poor Boy who became a great Painter
 63. Little Gleaner
 64. Pincher's Friend
 65. Help a Fellow-Creature
 66. Bargain with the Pump
 67. Bridal Wine-cup
 68. Plymouth Boatman
 69. True and False Courage
 70. Be kind to your Mother
 71. What the Birds say
 72. Ministry of Flowers</p> | <p>73. Kindness to Animals
 74. Peter's Pets
 75. Only for Fun
 76. The Useful Donkey
 77. Mercy to Animals
 78. Emma's Visit to the Country
 79. The Chaffinch's Story
 80. The Sparrow's Sermon
 81. Bobby and the Birds
 82. The Feathered Friends
 83. Annie and the Butterfly
 84. Roland, the Champion</p> |
|--|--|

BOOKS FOR GIRLS.

BIRDIE AND HER DOG; and other Stories of Canine Sagacity.
 With Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

CLOUDLAND; or Winnie Hetherington's Dream. By S. S. Wynne. To all who wish to learn the secret of being useful and happy in their day and generation, these pages are affectionately dedicated. With Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

THE BROOK'S STORY, and other Tales ("Grandfather Roger," "Harry and his Monkey," and "A Few Words about Cats"). By the Author of "Dick and his Donkey," &c. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 8s. 6d.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

COME HOME, MOTHER! A Story for Mothers. By Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 1s.

COUSIN BESSIE. A Story of Youthful Earnestness. Cloth 1s.

THE GOVERNESS; or, The Missing Pencil Case. Cloth, 1s.

JENNY'S GERANIUM; or, The Prize Flower of a London Court. Cloth, 1s.

JESSIE DYSON. A Tale for the Young. By John A. Walker. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

JOE AND SALLY; or, A Good Deed and its Fruits. By the Author of "Grumbling Tommy." With Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

LUCY BELL'S FIRST PLACE. A Story for Domestic. Cloth, 1s.

MIND WHOM YOU MARRY; or, The Gardener's Daughter
 By the Rev. C. G. Rowe. Cloth, 1s.

MOTHER'S STORIES FOR HER CHILDREN. By Mrs. Carus Wilson. Cloth, 1s.

ROSA; or, The Two Castles. By Miss Bradburn. Cloth, 1s.

SNOWDROPS; or, Life from the Dead. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 1s.

THE GIANTS; and how to Fight them. By Rev. Dr. Newton.
Cloth, 1s.

THE PEARLY GATES. By Mrs. C. Rigg. With Illustrations.
Cloth, 6d.

THE TINY LIBRARY. See "Books for Boys."

TOTTIE'S CHRISTMAS SHOES. 2d.

ON DRESS. By the Rev. John Wesley. 1d.

CARLETTA. No. 10 of the Earlham Series. ½d.

'DOES YOU LOVE GOD?' No. 31 of the Earlham Series. ½d.

FOR KITCHEN LIBRARIES.

THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER: An Authentic Narrative.
By the Rev. Legh Richmond, M.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

GOOD SERVANTS, GOOD WIVES, AND HAPPY
Homes. By the Rev. T. H. Walker. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

BIBLE PATTERN OF A GOOD WOMAN. By Mrs. Balfour
Cloth, 1s.

CLIFF HUT; or, The Perils of a Fisherman's Family. Cloth, 1s.

LUCY BELL'S FIRST PLACE. A Story for Domestic. By
Nelsie Brook. Cloth, 1s.

MIND WHOM YOU MARRY; or, The Gardener's Daughter.
By the Rev. C. G. Rowa. Cloth, 1s.

TOIL AND TRUST; or, Life Story of Patty, the Workhouse
Girl. By Mrs. Balfour. Cloth, 1s.

WIDOW GREEN AND HER THREE NIECES. By Mrs.
Ellis. Cloth, 1s.

SCRUB; or, The Workhouse Boy's First Start in Life. Cloth 6d.

A MESSAGE FROM WHITECHAPEL; or, Scenes in a
London Hospital. By Augustus Johnstone. 8d.

FOR THE NURSERY, Etc.

OUR PICTURE BOOK. Dedicated by permission to Her Royal
Highness Princess Mary Adelaide, Duchess of Teck. Compiled by the Editor of
"The British Workman." About ten pictures on every page. Paper covers 5s, Cloth,
Gilt, 7s. 6d.

LITTLE TOT'S ALBUM. The letterpress by Miss E. I. Tupper, and the engravings by first-class artists. Containing 130 full-page Illustrations. Cloth, 5s.

LITTLE SUNBEAM'S ALBUM. With 130 full-page Illustrations, and a page of easy reading to each picture, being one of "My Pet's Album" series. Cloth, 5s.

THE NURSERY FAVOURITE. 130 Engravings. Cloth, 5s.

MUSIC FOR THE NURSERY. Revised by Philip Phillips, the "Singing Pilgrim." A Collection of Fifty of the Sweet Pieces for the "Little Ones" that have appeared in the "Infant's Magazine," etc. Handsomely bound in Cloth, 2s. 6d.

BIBLE PICTURE ROLL. Containing a large Engraving of a Scripture subject, with letterpress, for each day of the month. With Coloured Cover, price 3s.

THE CHILDREN'S PICTURE ROLL. Consisting of 31 Illustrated Leaves, with large-type letterpress, suitable to hang up in the Nursery, Schoolroom, etc. Price 8s.

NATURAL HISTORY PICTURE ROLL. Consisting of 31 Illustrated Leaves, with simple large-type letterpress, suitable to hang up in the Nursery, Schoolroom, etc. Price 8s.

"MY TEXT ROLL." Containing 31 large engraved Texts in handsome borders, for hanging on the Walls of Rooms. With Illuminated Cover, 2s. 6d.

SONGS AND HYMNS FOR THE LITTLE ONES. Compiled by Uncle John. With numerous Engravings. New edition. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

CHILD'S HYMNAL, THE, By Charles Rogers, LL.D. With numerous Illustrations. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

IMPORTANT TRUTHS IN SIMPLE VERSE. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

KITTY KING. A Book for the Nursery. With full-page engravings. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE TINY LIBRARY. Books printed in large type. Nos. 1 to 30. Cloth, 6d. each. Nos. 1 to 26 may also be had in two boxes (A & B), price 6s. 6d. each, or in one complete box, price 13s.

1. Hot Coals
2. The Golden Rule
3. Grandpapa's Walking-stick
4. Honesty the Best Policy
5. Silver Cup
6. Short Stories
7. Brave Little Boys
8. Ben and his Mother
9. Little David
10. Richard Barton; or, the Wounded Bird
11. Little Jim, the Rag Merchant
12. Curious Jane
13. Jenny and the Showman
14. Little Fan
15. Broken Window

16. Letty Young
17. Matty and Tom
18. The Orphans
19. John Madge
20. Philip Reeve
21. Henry Harris
22. £1 and £10,000
23. Brave Little Tom
24. Ella's Rose-bud
25. The Pedlar's Loan
26. Milly's New Year
27. Only a Lady-bird
28. The First False Step
29. Richard Shaw
30. He would not Think

JUVENILE LIBRARY. Small Books containing stories for Children. Well Illustrated. Nos. 1 to 84 may be had in assorted Sixpenny Packets—A, B, C, D, E, F, and G.

AGAINST SMOKING.

WHAT PUT MY PIPE OUT; or, Incidents in the Life of a Clergyman. Cloth, 1s.

WHAT'S THAT TO ME? Number 22 of the Illustrated Wall Papers. 1d.

MR. COLLINS AND THE SMOKER. No. 65 of the Illustrated Fly Leaves. 4d. per dozen.

LORD'S DAY OBSERVANCE.

ILLUSTRATED SABBATH FACTS; or, God's Weekly Gift to the Weary. Reprinted from the "British Workman." Cloth, 1s. 6d.

THE BELIEF. Printed in Colours on Cartridge Paper. 22 by 15. 4d.

IS HALF BETTER THAN THE WHOLE? A conversation about Sunday Trading. 1d.

ILLUSTRATED FLY LEAVES. On the Lord's Day. 2s. 6d. per 100, or 4d. per dozen.

- 30. Old Sailor and the Bible Reader
- 31. The Windmill's Defect
- 32. A Lady and the Card players
- 34. Thomas Brown

- 36. "There, you've gone over it."
- 40. The Weekly Day of Rest
- 46. Sunday Morning's Dream
- 49. Turning Point

MISCELLANEOUS.

HALF-HOURS WITH THE KINGS AND QUEENS OF England. Containing short sketches by W. H. G. Kingston, and portraits drawn by Edward Hughes, from the best authorities in the British Museum, of each Monarch. Cloth, gilt edges, 10s. 6d., plain cloth 7s. 6d.

FOUR SERMONS. By the Rev. John Wesley. Cloth, plain, 6d.

THE ROD AND ITS USES; or, Thomas Dodd and Bill Collins. Cloth, 6d.

READINGS FOR THE DRAWING-ROOM AND Lecture Hall. Well printed with cover. Price 4d.

- | | |
|--------------------|------------------------|
| 1. The Learned Jew | 2. Dan, the Boy Bishop |
|--------------------|------------------------|

TWO IRISH SCENES. 3d.

CHIMNEY SWEEPERS AND THEIR FRIENDS. By R. P. Scott. 1d.

ELECTION PAPERS. 16pp. Tracts written by various Authors. 1d. each.

- 1. Don't Sell your Birthright
- 2. Ned Biddle's Teasers
- 3. How shall you Vote?

- 4. I'll Vote for You
- 5. Honest Voter

"GOD SAVE THE GREEN." A Few Words to the Irish People.
By Mrs. S. C. Hall. 2d.

STORIES OF IRISH LIFE. By Henry Martin. Nos. 1 to 18
now ready. Single Nos. 2d. each; Double Nos. 3d. each. Nos. 1 to 12 may also
be had in one volume, cloth, 3s. 6d.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1. Farmer O'Shaugnessy and his Son. 2d.
2 & 3. The Michelstown Caves. 3d.
4. Brian Gallagher. 2d.
5. The Last of the O'G's. 2d.
6. Phelim M'Carthy. 2d.
7. Ned Cassidy of the Lakes. 2d.
8. Ned Cassidy on the Lakes. 2d.
9. Larry O'Tool. 2d.
10 & 11. Ned Cassidy of the Lakes in
"the Steel Bracelets." 3d.
12. Barny O'Brien on "Home Rule." 2d.</p> | <p>13. Larry Corcoran, the Blacksmith,
surnamed "The Epistle to the
Romans." 2d.
14. Thady O'Connor, the Irish Emigrant.
2d.
15. Hill of Tara; and St. Patrick's Great
Sermon there. 2d.
16 & 17. Ned Cassidy of the Lakes; or,
The Law of Forgiveness. 3d.
18. Pat and Owny. 2d.</p> |
|---|---|

BETHLEHEM. A Little Narrative for Christmas. 1d.

HOW TO GROW A PLANT AND WIN A PRIZE. 1d.

ON THE USE OF MONEY. By Rev. John Wesley. 1d.

ON REDEEMING THE TIME. By Rev. John Wesley. 1d.

HOW SAM ADAM'S PIPE BECAME A PIG IN WELSH.
1d.

FOREIGN "BRITISH WORKMAN." Printed in the
following languages. 1d. each number.

Malagasy No. 1	French Nos. 1-12
German " 1-2	Polish " 1-3
Dutch " 1	Norwegian " 2
Spanish " 1-17	Portuguese " 1
Italian " 3-4	

FOREIGN "INFANT'S MAGAZINE." Printed in various
languages. 1d. each number.

French Nos. 1-8 | Spanish Nos. 7-8

JACOBI BEN ISRAEL, the Learned Jew in Hebrew. Paper
cover and gilt edges. 4d.

FOREIGN ILLUSTRATED WALL PAPERS. Printed in
the following languages. 1d. each.

Malagasy Nos. 1	Fijian Nos. 1-2
Maori " 1	Hebrew " 1
Italian " 1-2-4	Turkish " 1
Welsh " 1-2	Urdu " 1-2
Persian " 1	Tamil " 1-2
Hawaiian " 1	Hindi " 1-2

FIVE SHILLING PACKETS of Back Numbers of any of the
following Illustrated Periodicals may be had as under, being less than half-price:

Weekly Welcome Packet, 125 copies, 5s.	Band of Hope Review Packet, 250 copies, 5s.
British Workman Packet, 125 copies, 5s.	Infant's Magazine Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
Children's Friend Packet, 125 copies, 5s.	Family Friend Packet, 125 copies, 5s.
Friendly Visitor Packet, 125 copies, 5s.	

The above charges do not include the cost of carriage, and only refer to Back Nos.
Please be careful to order "Back Nos. Packets."

ILLUSTRATED FLY-LEAVES. Four-page Reprints from the
 "Friendly Visitor," "British Workman," &c. Specially commended to Tract
 Distributors, Sunday-School Teachers, &c.

1. Providence will Provide
2. Poor Joseph
3. A Remarkable Contrast
4. Doing things on a Large Scale
5. Patched Window
6. A Thoughtful Wife
7. Daily Teachings
8. A Crown; or, Does it Pay
9. Railway Guard
10. Old Uncle Johnson
11. The Debt is paid
12. Please, Sir, will you Read it?
13. Please, Father, Come Home Early
14. Bees Pritchard and the Goat
15. A Little Child shall Lead them
16. Blue Cart with the Red Wheels
17. Secret of England's Greatness
18. Uncle Anthony
19. Blind Mary
20. Niff and his Dogs
21. The Singing Cobbler of Hamburg
22. Hunter's Home, &c.
23. That Great Fountain
24. Losses by Religion
25. Officer and the Verse on the Wall
26. What's This?
27. The Infidel Officer
28. The Singing Carpenter
29. Alone with God
30. Old Sailor and the Bible Reader
31. A Lady and the Card Players
32. The Windmill's Defect
33. A Vile Habit Reproved
34. Thomas Brown
35. Five "Wadmen" in Workhouse
36. "There, you've gone over it!"
37. "Father, don't go"
38. "Hold! Fire if you dare!"
39. The Great Spirit
40. The Weekly Day of Rest
41. Sailor's Funeral
42. Aunt Bessy's Proverb
43. Auction at Sea
44. Gooseberry Basket
45. Sea-boy's Story
46. Sunday Morning's Dream
47. Jack and the Yellow Boys
48. Albatross and the Soldier
49. Turning Point
50. Scripture Patchwork Quilt
51. Dark Without, Light Within
52. Michael Donovan
53. Old Deist
54. Dr. Ely and the Old Negress
55. How can these things be?
56. Blind Cobbler
57. The Reprieve
58. A Little Child shall Lead them
59. Wilt thou Use or Abuse thy Trust?
60. No Swearing Allowed
61. The Soldier in the Cell
62. A Prodigal's Return
63. "Does you love God?"
64. Jim Lineham's Happy Blunder
65. Mr. Collins and the Smoker
66. Yeddie's First and Last Communion
67. Meeting of Chimney Sweepers
68. How John Ross began to Kneel down
69. A Life for a Life
70. Pull out the Staple!
71. A Happy Change; or, Good for Trade
72. John Brown, the Sensible Gravedigger
73. Two-pence a Day, and what it accomplished
74. A Gentle Reproof
75. "Will Father be a Goat, Mother?"
76. The Collier's Widow
77. Lost! Lost!
78. The Five Steps
79. The Door in the Heart
80. The Richest Man in the Parish
81. A Prodigal Restored
82. The Lost Sheep
83. John Morton's New Harmonium
84. Losings Bank and Savings Bank
85. Buy your own Cherries
86. Harry's Pint; or, Three-pence a Day
87. A Plea for the Birds
88. The False Pilot and the True One
89. Swallowing a Yard of Land
90. Sceptic and Welsh Girl
91. The Logic of Life
92. The Life Preserver
93. The Lawyer's Son; or, the Changed Family
94. The Plunge into the River
95. The Sceptic and the Minister
96. "I will Knock again"
97. Ned Stokes, the Man-o'-War's Man
98. The Two Gardeners
99. The Weaver's Lamp
100. The French Nobleman and Physician
101. Herrings for Nothing
102. The Heart made Captive
103. Died at his Post
104. Bob the Cabin Boy
105. The Bible better than Pistols
106. The Emperor's Proclamation
107. The Reclaimed Sceptic
108. "Have you got the Shilling?"
109. The Man who Swallowed Three Brickfields and Eight Houses
110. "Thank you, Captain"
111. The Speaking Tile
112. Say your Prayers in Fair Weather
113. The Conscript's Substitute
114. How the Policeman Conquered
115. Happy Nancy's Secret
116. Maria Fry, the Soldier's Friend
117. On the Look-out
118. "One thing thou lackest!"
119. Last Strand of the Rope
120. The Lost Diamond

These Illustrated Fly-Leaves may be had through any Bookseller, or from 9, Paternoster-row, London, at the rate of 2s. 6d. per 100, or in an assorted packet, 2s. 6d.; or in shilling packets, containing 40 assorted numbers in each; and complete volume 1 to 100, cloth plain, 4s. 6d.; gilt edges, 6s.

NEW ENVELOPE SERIES. Packet A, containing Nos. 1 to 12, price Sixpence.

- | | |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. "That's thee, Jem" 2. Richest Man 3. England's Greatness 4. "The Debt is Paid" 5. Patchwork Quilt 6. The Life Preserver | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 7. Gentle Reproof 8. "Hold! Fire, if you Dare!" 9. Blind Mary of the Mountain 10. Tubb's Watch 11. Conditions of Sale 12. How to Use Money |
|---|---|

THE EARLHAM SERIES.

16-page Illustrated Tracts, well printed on good paper, suitable for presentation to both rich and poor. In assorted packets A, B, C, D, E, and F, 6d. each. In Cloth, Gilt. Vols. 1s. each.

CONTENTS OF PACKETS A, B, C, D, E, AND F (12 Nos. EACH.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Singing Cobbler 2. The French Nobleman 3. "I will Knock Again" 4. Michael Donovan 5. The King's Messenger 6. The Best Weapon 7. "Will Father be a Goat?" 8. The Logic of the Life 9. Eric the Slave 10. Carletta 11. The Two Voyages 12. "Knock off those Chains" 13. "Herrings for Nothing" 14. Astonished Infidel 15. Old Moses 16. Yeddie's First and Last Communion 17. Life Preserver 18. Singing Carpenter 19. Sunday Morning's Dream 20. "Hold! Fire, if you Dare!" 21. Died at his Post 22. Patchwork Quilt 23. "The Debt is Paid" 24. Bob, the Cabin-Boy 25. "That's thee, Jim!" 26. Richest Man in the Parish 27. Ransomed Slave 28. Blind Mary of the Mountain 29. General Taylor 30. Poor Joseph 31. "Does you Love God?" 32. Solomon's Quarry 33. Speaking Tile 34. Old Jack Sibley 35. The Secret of England's Greatness 36. "Have you Got the Shilling?" | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 37. The Emperor's Proclamation 38. "Thank you, Captain" 39. The Prophet's Warning 40. The Conscript's Substitute 41. The Snow Truck 42. The Empty Cradle 43. The Reprieve 44. Losses by Religion 45. Donald's Success 46. The Broken Buckle 47. The Indian's Speech 48. Two Strong Men 49. The Master Sculptor 50. Key and the Crowbar 51. The Lawyer's Son 52. The Lady in India 53. Conditions of Sale 54. Aunt Bessie's Proverb 55. Discontented Pendulum 56. "One thing thou lackest!" 57. Story of Robert Annan 58. Maggie Connolly 59. What Became of Noah's Carpenters 60. The Brazen Serpent 61. Forgiven 62. Asleep at his Post 63. The Sheltered Plant 64. Story of a Smoky Chimney 65. A Cure for Moths 66. "A Word spoken in Season" 67. The Last Strand of the Rope 68. "These Forty Years. No. 1" 69. "These Forty Years. No. 2" 70. The Fisherman 71. "Trumpets, Pipes, and Strings!" 72. Col. Allen and his Dying Child |
|---|--|

Penny Illustrated Sheet Almanacs, for the Walls of Cottages, Schoolrooms, Stables, &c., issued yearly.

BRITISH WORKMAN ALMANAC. With costly Engravings and Letterpress. 1d.



This Almanac is an old friend with a new face. All that made former numbers of the series interesting and valuable will be found in this, and it is hoped that the instruction which it has been its aim to impart will prove as attractive as that of previous issues.

BAND OF HOPE ALMANAC. With costly Engravings and Letterpress. 1d.



An Almanac for children, designed to entertain and instruct at the same time. It contains much with which young children will be sure to be pleased, and counsels which, if they give heed thereto, cannot fail to give them a bright and useful life.

ANIMALS' FRIEND ALMANAC. With costly Engravings and Letterpress. 1d.



Compiled in the hope that its contents will induce the reader to give some thought to the subject of Cruelty to Animals. They cannot help themselves, but if the information here given is acted upon, they will have in the readers of this Almanac a host of friends ready to help them.

EVERYONE'S ALMANAC. 16 pages. 4to. With numerous Engravings. 1d.



In the hope that this Almanac will be preserved for constant reference, the publishers have endeavoured to give only such information as is of real practical utility, and calculated to promote the welfare and happiness of "EVERYONE," whether young or old.

9, PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON, E.C.

